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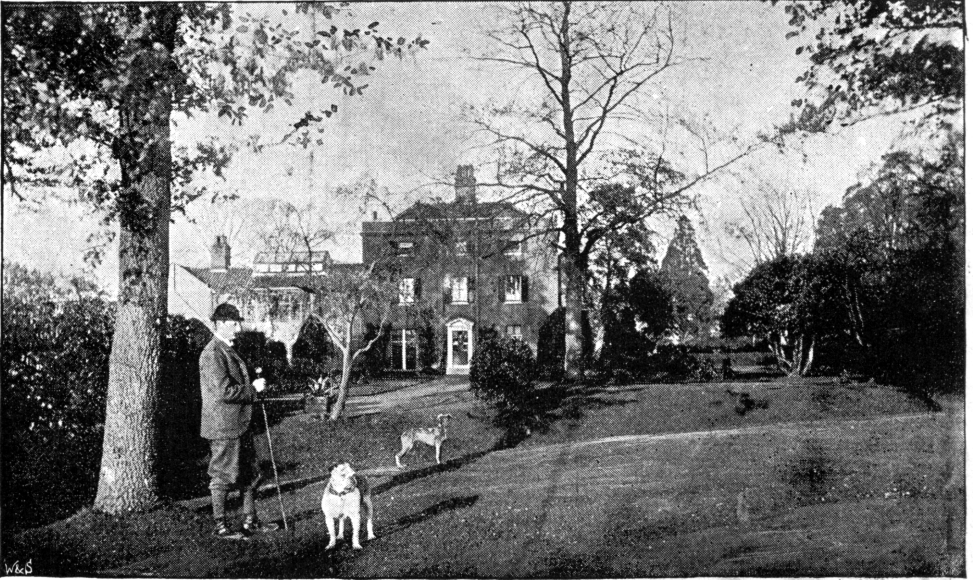
1892



MR. RIDER HAGGARD AND THE WILD HORSES.

Illustrated Interviews.

NO. VII.—MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.



From a Photo. by]

DITCHINGHAM HOUSE.

[Elliott & Fry.

DITCHINGHAM is a distinctly cosy Norfolk village, small and picturesque. Ditchingham House is a typical Norfolk home. It stands in the midst of a perfect shelter provided by the surrounding elms and beeches, for the winds which come across from the glorious valley of the Waveney, and over the Bath Hills, or the Earl's Vineyard, as it was once called—one of the prettiest hillsides in this part of Norfolk—are keen and cutting, and blow cold o' nights. Here Mr. Rider Haggard—barrister, justice of the peace, farmer and novelist—lives. It is no easy matter to realise that he who wanders about a compact little farm of a hundred and fifty acres, and inquires of the bailiff as he critically looks into a pig pen—"Which of these pigs are you going to kill?"—or singles out a grand turkey with a view to its successful appearance on the Christmas dinner table, is the brilliant writer of such fascinating works as "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," "Colonel Quaritch," "Cleopatra," "Eric Brighteyes," and the creator

of that immortal woman "She." There is positively little about Mr. Haggard—whom, perhaps, one might describe as a country gentleman by profession and a novelist by accident—suggestive of the literary man. Literature! We talked of gardening and flowers over the dinner table; learnt how he had brought many of the ferns in his fern-house three thousand miles—carrying them on mules overland and in canoes down the rivers—from tropical Mexico. Some of these ferns are curious, by the way. There is one the leaves of which are five or six feet long, and a curious spotted species which grows on the ledges of rocks, in shape resembling a diminutive cart-wheel. He is passionately fond of gardening. Literature at the dinner table! It is interesting to hear him relate the most paying agricultural feat he ever accomplished, when, while on a visit to some property in South Africa, together with the assistance of his partner and a couple of Zulu Kaffirs and a mowing machine, he cut and sold hay to the value of nearly £300 in little more than a fortnight. Dinner over, we go into the drawing-room and play "Proverbs,"



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

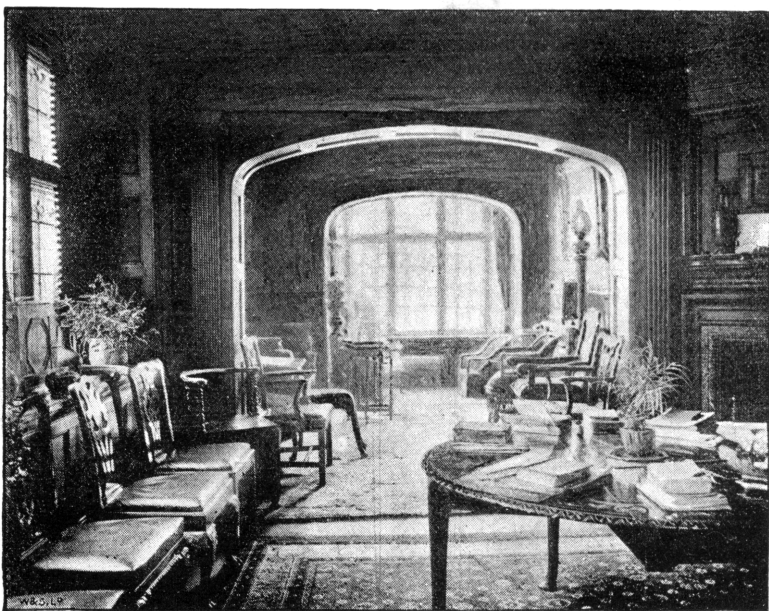
swords, lengthy spears, and ugly—though highly decorative—knives, many from various battlefields, ancient Egyptian bows and throwing-sticks, and here is an ancient cedar rod believed to be similar to the one which Moses cast before Pharaoh. On a ledge is a row of fine ostrich eggs, and just by the entrance to an ante-room are two quaint chairs with footstools combined, made of ebony, without nails, and in-

and munch great Ribston pippins picked from the tree only an hour ago.

In appearance Mr. Haggard looks just his age—thirty-five. He is tall, somewhat slim, and wears a fair moustache. His kindness makes one happy, his modesty is impressive to a degree. He tells you nothing

but what is worth remembering; his life has been one long chapter of adventure, and every nook and corner of the house, wherever you turn, has some reminder of a career which has been in many ways remarkable. I spent part of the evening in going from room to room and noting these. The entrance-hall and staircases are crowded with interesting and suggestive mementoes. On the walls are Arabian shields and

laid with ivory. These came from the East Coast of Africa. A lamp is supported on a wooden pedestal. It is made of the Royal red wood of Zululand. Only kings and princes were allowed to possess it; for a commoner to carry it meant death. So precious was it deemed



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.



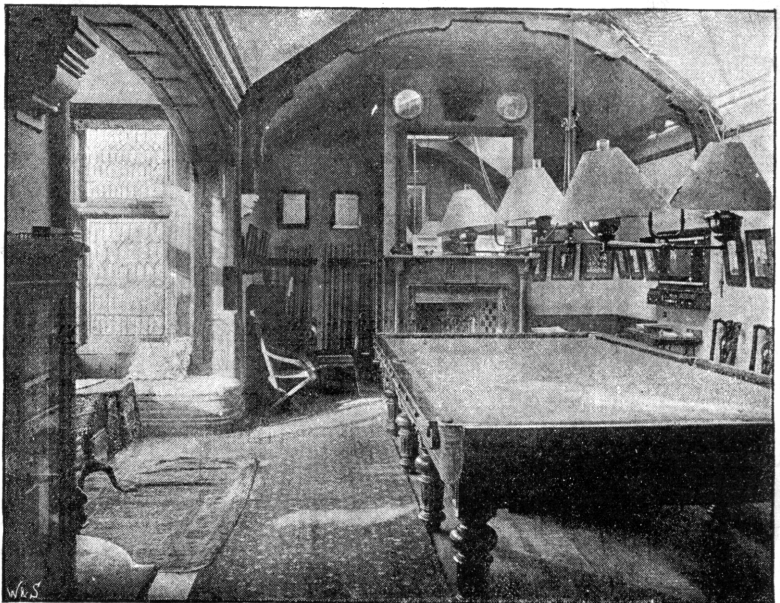
ON THE STAIRS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

that it was cut up in small pieces and bestowed upon distinguished warriors—a sort of Zulu Victoria Cross.

The landings are lined with many portraits of Norfolk worthies; the walls are decorated with African horns. This huge bull's head belonged to an animal shot by Mr. Fred Jackson, the explorer. Here stands a quaint old cabi-

net. It is exquisitely carved, and was the property of Lady Smith, who inherited it in her youth, and died at the age of a hundred and four. It is said to contain forty secret drawers, a score of which yet remain to be discovered. The billiard-room is exceptionally interesting. An oil-painting of Mrs. Haggard, by Kerr, hangs here, and on one side of the room are the original drawings by Greiffenhagen for an, as yet, unpublished edition of the novelist's "World's Desire." Greiffenhagen's work is marvellously real. His "She" pictures, which hang downstairs, are exceptionally striking black-and-whites. In a niche of the billiard-room—somewhat hidden from view—is a

desk of Charles Dickens. It was bought at the Gad's Hill sale. Close by is a little cabinet. The glass door is opened, and from a tiny silver Icelandic Communion cup a number of rings are put into my open hand. One of the most striking of these is a gold band, thousands of years old, with hieroglyphics engraved upon it signifying "Haggard" (as an Egyptian might have written it) "the Scribe makes an offering to the God of Dawn." Another gold ring is from the mummy of Queen Taia, the feminine Henry VIII. of Egypt, and one of the most fascinating and beautiful women that ever lived. Its inscription



From a Photo. by]

BILLIARD ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

reads, "Ank Bes, Bes Ank" ("the living Bes, Bes the living"). It has been mended. Mr. Haggard wore it for a year, but unfortunately he broke it whilst getting out of a cab. Queen Taia must have worn it all her life, for it shows signs of constant use. Then Mr. Haggard takes from his finger a signet ring he always wears. It was found at Deir-el-Bahari. Its red stone is believed to chronicle the portrait of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, with whose coffin it was discovered.

Here is a Gnostic ring in mediæval lead setting, and yet another—a golden circlet—which will always be associated with his career. It is the scarab that figures in "She." It is a heavy ring, and bears the words, "Suten se Ra" ("Royal Son of the Sun").

A grand piece of oak carving, dated 1664, surrounds the fireplace in the dining-room. Here is an admirable portrait of the novelist by John Pettie, R.A. On either side of the window are paintings—ancestors of Mrs. Haggard—who were loyal to their King, Charles II.

A story is told of the faithful Cavalier who hangs in the dining-room. No stauncher Royalist breathed, and he rode from London to Norwich in great glee with the news of the Restoration. Unfortunately, he got into a meeting of Roundheads, but so full



From a Photo. by]

CHARLES DICKENS'S DESK.

[Elliott & Fry.

of joy was he that he shouted the news to them as loudly as he could. They nearly killed him for his kindness. A Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs here—the portrait of a lady and her child. She was the wife of an officer who was called away to the French wars. During his absence a little one was born, and the doting mother and loving wife, expecting him to return soon, had this picture painted for him. But he never came back again. The lady could not afford to pay for it, and the canvas remained in Sir Joshua's studio

for some time, until finally bought at his auction by Dr. Hamilton, of Lynn.

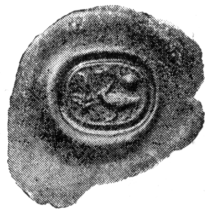
The drawing-room is a delightfully cosy apartment, with its white enamelled chimney-piece and its inviting cushioned corners. Knick-knacks in china fill the recesses ;



QUEEN TAI'A'S RING.



PHARAOH'S RING.



SCARAB IN "SHE."

IMPRESSIONS OF RINGS IN SEALING-WAX.

more curios from distant climes, amongst which is a little glass photo of a small child in a plaid frock—an early portrait of Rider Haggard. Mexican combs, exquisite embroidery and fans, are picturesquely scattered about, and freshly plucked flowers

fill the vases. Near the window—looking out on a stretch of lawn strewn with the fallen leaves from the trees—on an easel, is a picture of Mr. Haggard's mother, a photograph of Barrington Foote, and a charming oil colour by Leon Little—"Dawn on the Thames."

The study is a perfect treasure-house of curios. An important resident of the working room is Jack, a tame rat, who is liberally supplied with nuts, which he readily cracks. Just by the fireplace is the gun cupboard, designed by its owner. The drawer contains a thousand cartridges. A number of fishing-rods also find a convenient corner in it. It is impossible to chronicle every curio—the Greek vases and ancient pottery, strings of beads from the necks of mummies, and Zulu battle-axes and assegais. A marvellous



From a Photo. by

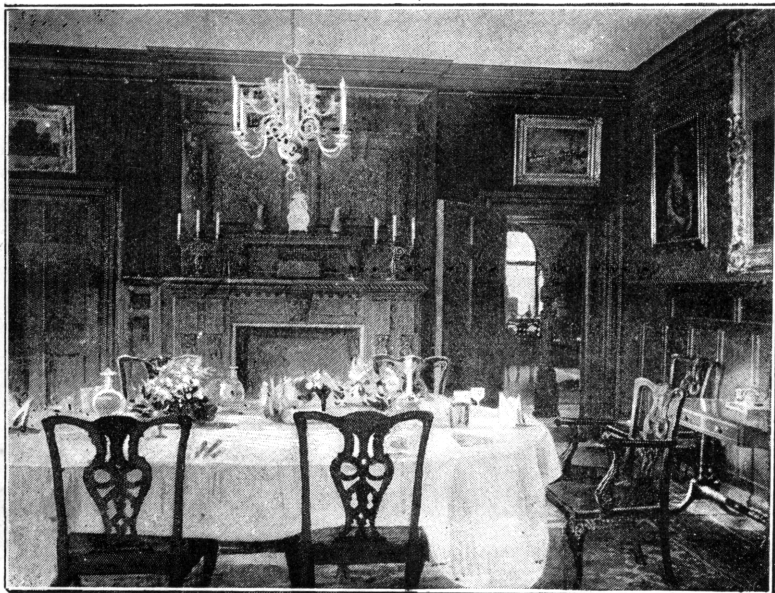
DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

piece of embroidery lies on the table; it is of Mexican workmanship, some two hundred years old, evidently from a priest's cope. Here is a bronze jar from the tomb of an Etruscan monarch. Over the door is a Mexican idol in green jade; it once had eyes and teeth of emeralds—alas! now extracted. It weighs thirty pounds, and its possessor, who declares it to be the

best that ever came out of Mexico, owns to having smuggled it to England wrapped up in a dress. The tobacco-jar is a huge one; the pipes—a good score of them—are neatly arranged in a rack.

"These little things were picked up on the battlefield of Isandlwana," said Mr. Haggard, taking a small bowl from the mantel-board. One by one we exam-



From a Photo. by

DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo, by]

THE CONSERVATORY.

[Elliott & Fry.

had *missed fire*! Some poor fellow had pinned his faith to it. The little piece of lead I now held in my hand probably meant—a life lost.

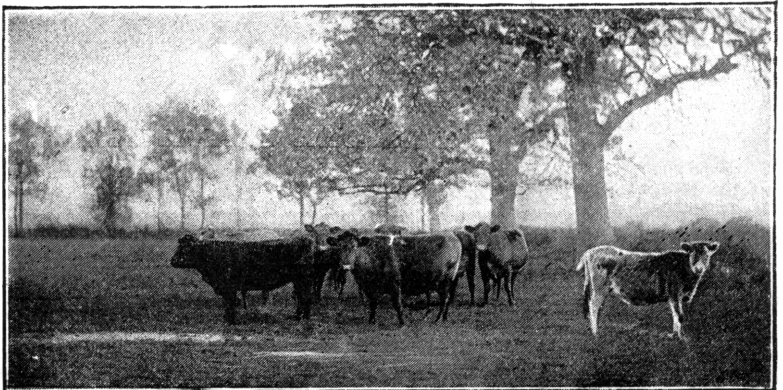
The shelves are well stocked with volumes; one of them is devoted to holding the bulky covers which contain the original MSS. of his works. Every one is marked with the time it took to write. A small shelf near the window is peculiarly interesting. The scores of paper volumes it supports are all pirated editions of his works issued in America. No author has suffered more than he in this respect. He has even had books published under his name in the States of which he never wrote a line. In the case of "Allan Quatermain" some enterprising Americans got hold of a set of uncorrected proof-sheets and published them.

And so we passed the evening going through the house, and, when the morrow came, walked through the meadows and newly-planted orchards round the farm. Now Mr. Haggard appears in an easy knickerbocker suit, and carries a long Zulu stick surmounted with a huge knob, which has helped him over rough paths for many years. The Mexican ferns are flourishing, the chrysanthemum houses loaded with blossoms. "Poacher," a fine young dog, which follows in every step of its master, bounds up. Poacher has a family history.

ined them—a sixpence dated 1859, a pair of eye-glasses (probably once belonging to an officer), a pair of nail scissors, a farrier's hook, a pen. Every one of them seemed to speak!

"Look at this!" cried Mr. Haggard, almost excitedly. "I never noticed that till this moment."

It was an English revolver-cartridge that



From a Photo, by]

MR. HAGGARD'S RED-POLLS.

[Elliott & Fry.

Its mother was a famous lurcher—a poacher's dog—and was known all over the West of Norfolk. It was set at Mr. Haggard's keeper one night by its master, and there was shooting. The dog was captured, and its owner was charged with attempted murder. The silent prisoner was condemned to be shot after the trial. Mr. Haggard begged for the poor creature, won her, and her offspring has instinctively turned out a faithful animal.

The fowls are running over tiny hillocks, and the turkeys are making their presence known by their own peculiar cackle. One of the labouring hands here is known to his familiars as "Young Sam." We met "Old Sam," his father—who was Mrs. Haggard's grandmother's coachman—just now in the lane. "Old Sam" cannot be many years off a centenarian; "Young Sam" is nearing seventy. Your Norfolk folk are long-lived. A beautiful little Alderney calf of ten weeks wins admiration, and then we walk through the meadows, and the good points in some grand red-polls—the famous Norfolk breed of cattle—are discussed. It is as trim a farm as any for miles round; the result of two years' labour has worked wonders with the land since Mr. Haggard took it "in hand." We cut some roses—still in bloom—wave a good-bye to Angela and Dorothy, his two little daughters—who are just off for a ride—and enter the house delightfully fresh and ready for work after our morning's walk.

We lit our pipes in the study.

Mr. Haggard was born on June 22, 1856.

He comes of a Scandinavian family, and for some generations his ancestors have been Norfolk squires. His father is William M. Rider Haggard, J.P., D.L., of Bradenham Hall, Norfolk, where the novelist was born. His mother had literary powers, and published some volumes of poems and songs. Mr. Haggard good-humouredly assures me that he was not an interesting infant. He passed his early years at Bradenham, then went abroad, and returned to England, when he entered the Grammar School at Ipswich.

He was destined for the Foreign Office, but in 1875 was appointed secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, G.C.M.G., at Natal, and two years later fulfilled a similar position to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., then on a special mission to the Transvaal. He was there during the whole crisis surrounding the annexation of the Transvaal, and—then a young man only just out of his teens—hoisted the English flag in the Queen's name. A little photo of the party, as they appeared on this memorable morning, hangs

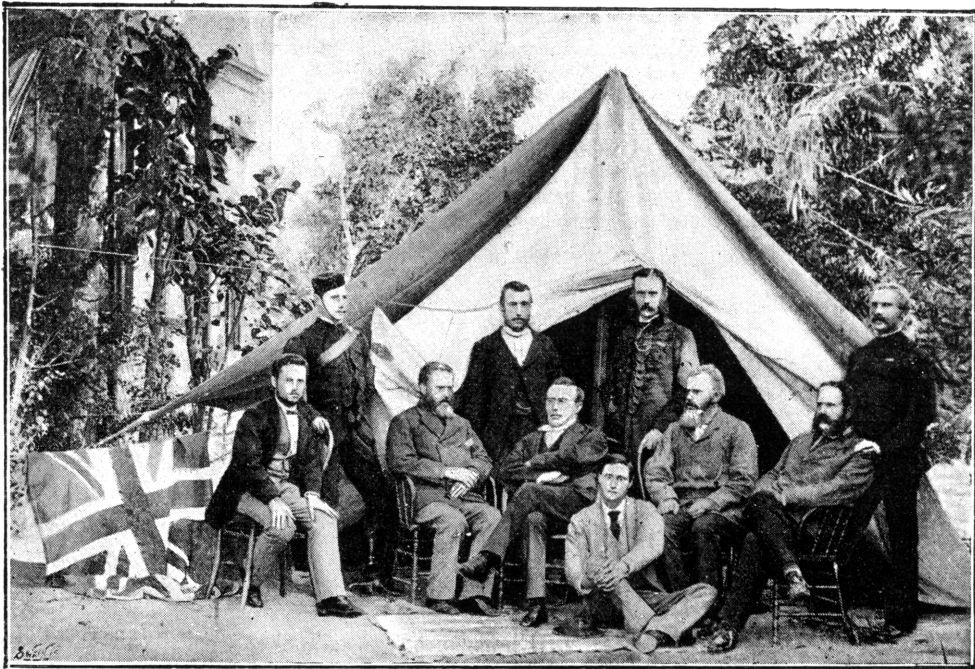


MRS. RIDER HAGGARD AND DAUGHTERS.
[From a Photo, by Elliott & Fry.]

in his room with that of the Union Jack.

"The real reason," said Mr. Haggard, "why the Transvaal was annexed was to prevent its inhabitants being wiped out of the world by Cetewayo. The Transvaal forces had been defeated, and Cetewayo had massed his regiments to attack it. Sir Theophilus Shepstone knew that, unless the territory became Queen's land, Cetewayo would take it. I never saw Cetewayo."

Then the story of his life begins in real earnest. When he was twenty he was



SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE AND HIS STAFF (1876-77) ABOUT TO HOIST THE UNION JACK AT THE ANNEXATION OF THE TRANSVAAL. MR. RIDER HAGGARD IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a Photograph.

appointed Master of the High Court there, the first in the Transvaal, and probably the youngest ever known. As such he was guardian of all the orphans.

"The Boers were very litigious over the question of land, and would spend four times the value of a plot over a lawsuit. They were much in the hands of the lawyers. The scale of legal charges was simply wicked. A solicitor would open a bill of costs with a retaining fee of fifty guineas. When I was appointed Master of the Court I made a dead stand against this. The first bill presented to me was for £600. I knocked off a discount of £400. There was a tremendous agitation against me, but my superiors upheld me, and in the long run I triumphed. I used to go on circuit over hundreds of miles in an ox waggon.

"Yes, we often had murder trials. One of the most singular that I remember, because of the strange behaviour of the prisoner, was this: One night I was standing on the verandah of Government House. I heard a shot. Inquiries were made, and it transpired that a private in a regiment quartered at Pretoria had opened the canvas of his sergeant-major's tent—who was just then writing home to England—and shot him. The man then went

away with the intention of killing his adjutant and colonel. He was arrested, brought up for trial, and a plea of insanity was put in. The trial ran into the night, and the large and crowded court was lit with six candles only, which gave it a peculiarly solemn appearance. The jury adjudged the prisoner 'Guilty.' I rose up and asked the man, in the formal words, and with my most dignified manner, if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. His reply, uttered in a most jaunty voice, was, 'Nothing at all, thank you, sir.' There was a question about his sanity. At any rate, whilst his dead comrade was being given a soldier's funeral, and the band was playing 'The Dead March in Saul' past the jail, the fellow was whistling merry English songs! In the end, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, he escaped, and, so far as I know, was never recaptured.

"The Zulus are amongst the most courageous people in the world—they have no fear of death. There was a chief living in Transvaal territory. He was a magnificent fellow in strength and stature. A magistrate of his district went to collect certain taxes. The chief refused to pay, called on his tribesmen, who killed the magistrate and

seven men. The chief was caught, his kinsmen were condemned to imprisonment, he to death. The morning of the execution arrived, and I went to the jail and saw his hands tied behind his back. Through an interpreter he was asked whether he had anything to say. He cried out loudly:—

“Why all this trouble—why this fuss? I do not fear death. If I am to be killed, kill me.”

“With these words he broke away, walked deliberately across the yard and on to the gallows. He examined the noose of twisted buffalo hide, and took his stand unflinchingly over the trap. The executioner was intoxicated, the High Sheriff was overcome with the scene and had to retire—I myself was obliged to push and exhort the executioner in order that he might perform the fearful task, and, at last, the brave Zulu fell. The whole thing lasted some minutes, but during this time the man never winced, nor showed the slightest emotion.

“I held office as Master of the High Court for two years, when I resigned. The Zulu war broke out in 1879. I was in South Africa then. I knew of the disaster at Isandlwana twenty hours before the express reached Pretoria. An old Hottentot woman told me. Her words were, ‘The red-coats lay like leaves upon a plain.’ How the news travelled over the plains in the time I cannot tell, for I was 200 miles from the scene of action.

When there are hills they shout news from top to top, but there were none here. On receipt of this news a volunteer corps was raised to go to Zululand—a company of mounted gentlemen known as ‘The Pretoria Horse’—who, though eventually much cut up, did excellent service in the Boer war. I was elected lieutenant and adjutant of this corps.

“Just previous to this I was nearly killed. I was on a mission

for the Government to visit a chief in a distant mountainous district. I little dreamed that there was a plot to murder us. My love for moonlight scenery saved us. We had the option of two roads. I suggested the less frequently used one, where we could get a better view of the mountains in the moonlight; we took it. On the other path a party of natives were lying in ambush for us. In this way I believe that we escaped death and perhaps torture.

“The Pretoria Horse were ready to proceed to Zululand, but we were prevented by the sudden rising of the Boers. We were to have accompanied Colonel Weatherley’s horse. They were subsequently destroyed, with the exception of six men. Colonel Weatherley had two sons out there—the elder was my clerk in the High Court, and the other, little Rupert, who was very weakly, was a great favourite of his father. The poor little fellow accompanied his father everywhere, and in the fight of Slobane was assailed by the Zulus. The Colonel is believed to have died fighting over his poor boy’s body. The other son—who is still in the army—was coming into camp when he caught sight of a pretty pony passing his way. The saddle was empty. He caught it, and not knowing whose it was, rode into camp on its back. It had carried his little brother out that day.



DYNAMITE!

"Englishmen were precious just then. I was sent out in command of a handful of men to watch the Boer camp. We had spies there. They would report to me every evening, and I sent despatches to Pretoria—about twenty-one miles away—as we had relays of horses all along the road, and could reach the town in an hour. The headquarters of the Boer camp were near an inn where I was stationed with my men. One day, having got wind of the reason of our presence, the Boers came down on us in force, took possession of the inn, and threatened to kill us. I had a very smart sergeant there, whom I sent into the room where they were gathered to keep a watch upon their movements. Needless to say he knew Dutch. The Boers have a great horror of dynamite, and when things began to look serious my sergeant saw one of them light his pipe and fling the still burning match on to the floor. Hurriedly, but with the utmost caution, he picked it up, blew it out, and threw it away with a fervently expressed 'Thank Heaven!'

"This attracted the attention of the Boers. 'Why had he done that—what did he mean?'

"Don't you know?' the sergeant asked.

"Know what?' said the Boers.

"Why, the British Government store all their dynamite under this place. If I hadn't put out that match we should all have been blown into ten thousand atoms!'

"Almighty!' said the Boers, and five minutes afterwards the place was clear.

"About this time there was an extraordinary panic in Pretoria. A Boer rode in to say that Cetewayo's 'impis' were within twenty miles of Pretoria, and would attack that night. My captain was sent out to ascertain the truth of this, and I was left in command of the corps. Only that morning horses had been served out to us. Orders came to saddle up and be ready. I marched the men into the yard where the horses were, and when we got there every man wanted the best horse. It was difficult to settle their claims, but I hit upon the idea of a scramble. I ordered the men to rush in together and each make for one. In ten minutes all were suited; but the trouble did not end here.

"Mount," I cried.

"The men did so—but only for an instant. The next moment the troop burst like a bombshell, nearly every horse bolted, and many men were thrown off. One poor fellow's foot caught in a stirrup and he was

nearly kicked to death. I do not believe that any of those horses had ever been saddled before! The panic grew. In the midst of all a thunderstorm raged—the rain fell in sheets. Women and children were weeping, the men were burying their money. It transpired afterwards that the whole idea of an attack of Cetewayo was the invention of a mad Kaffir. (See frontispiece.)

"I returned to England at the end of 1879 and married in the following year. I went back, however, to Africa with my wife, in order to look after some property I have in the Newcastle district of Natal. On our arrival I heard of the Boer rebellion. Whilst in Maritzburg my wife and I dined with Sir George Colley, the Governor of Natal—a party altogether of some twelve or fourteen people. It was a night or two before Sir George started up country to attack the Boers. Within a month the majority of those present had been killed, and I believe that at this moment Lady Colley, Mrs. Haggard, and myself are the sole survivors of that dinner party.

"I heard the action at Lang's Neck being fought. We went up country, believing that Sir George Colley would not attack the Boers with the men at his disposal. It was a terribly rough journey—we were nearly carried away by flooded streams, and the roads were cut into a slough by the guns. I arrived with my wife at my house, on the borders of Newcastle, and the following afternoon went out duck shooting. I heard the sound of distant heavy firing. I listened intently. At that moment the disastrous action at Lang's Neck was being fought. Then came a period of great and terrible trouble—battles fought and battles lost. Reinforcements poured in. One Sunday afternoon while I was sitting after luncheon on the verandah of my house, I thought that I heard the sound of guns. My wife and servants in the house believed it to be distant thunder. I saddled my horse, rode into Newcastle, a mile and a half away, and on the road called in at the telegraph office. The messages were just then passing through to England of the fearful defeat at Majuba. I rode on into the camp as fast as I could, but they had no news there, for troops were marching out towards Majuba as though nothing had happened. But the people at the telegraph office were right!

"The Boers came down and cut our communications. They burnt the next place to us, and for some weeks we lived in

a state of anxiety, anticipating an attack at any moment. Zulu scouts were out every night; we slept with loaded rifles by our sides and six horses always saddled in the stables. Sometimes we sat up all night. Ultimately we were driven into laager by the Boers. Then came the news of the surrender of the English Government to the Boers, just when thousands of troops were advancing to our relief. It was received with entire incredulity. I, for one, refused to believe it. When the truth became known, the most extraordinary scenes occurred at Newcastle. It was crowded with thousands of refugees, natives, loyal Boers, and English people driven in from the Transvaal. The town went mad. Three or four thousand people were huddled together

terribly afraid, but as we went up the mountain and we found that the English did not hit us, we gained heart and pushed on. They ran away. I sat on the rocks and shot them as they ran like bucks. They nearly killed me—look here,' pointing to his scarred cheek, 'but I paid them out for it. It was *alter lekker* (very nice). They tumbled over one another. We killed thousands of them.'

"That's false!" I said, 'you haven't killed a thousand men during the whole war.'

"His reply was, 'Ah, well. You lie and I lie, but I say we killed thousands of them. But I bear no malice. *In future if an Englishman touches his hat to me I shall acknowledge it!*'"

"It was at my house that the convention with the Boers was signed. I myself was so overcome with the disgrace of the situation, that I abandoned South Africa and returned to England. I felt I could no longer live there as an Englishman—in those days Natal was no longer a country for Englishmen to live in. I arrived in the old country after being nearly shipwrecked. By the bye, I have been actually shipwrecked. It was whilst returning from Iceland.

"I determined then to go to the bar, and I studied here at Ditchingham. Whilst studying I began to write books. My first was a historical work, 'Cetewayo and his White Neighbours.' I lost £50 over it. Then I tried novel writing. My first story was 'Dawn.' It went the round of several publishers, but nobody would have it, so I re-wrote it and made it end up happily—the ending of the original was somewhat sad. I worked so hard at that book that my sight gave way and I had to finish it in a darkened room. It was accepted and paid fairly well. I made £10 out of it as a start, but afterwards more. Then came 'The Witch's Head.' By that time, though this novel was something of a success, I thought I had had enough—that the game



"THAT'S FALSE!" I SAID.

in the market square—drunk, crying, cursing—and every group ruined. The members of the English Government were burnt in effigy, and words were said which I do not care to repeat.

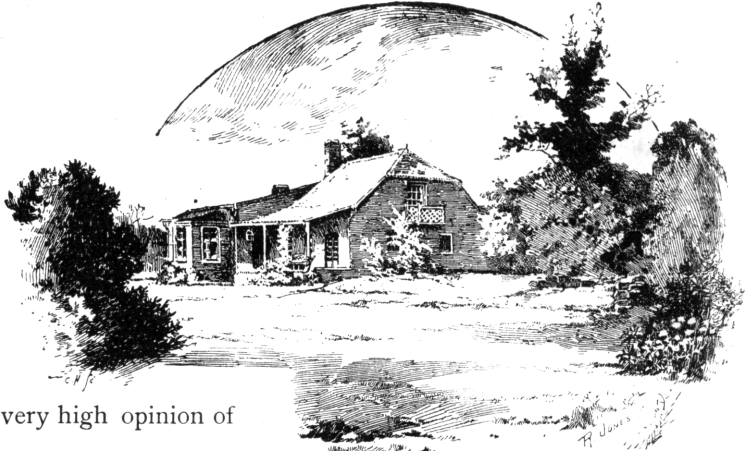
"I believe the English only hit three men at Majuba—one was killed, the Boers say, one badly wounded, and one man had his cheek grazed. This latter man thus described the action to me some weeks afterwards. 'At first,' he said, 'we were

was not worth the candle. I was called to the bar, and practised for about a year. I had read a good deal of talk in the papers of boys' books, and I determined to write one. I did it in my spare evenings, chiefly for amusement. The title of it was 'King Solomon's Mines.' It was a big success, and remains so, though I never had a very high opinion of it myself."

I have just had put into my hand the bone with which the old Don in the famous romance used to write. There is ink on it still. Here, too, is the veritable chart itself—the original map of those wonderful mines. Shall I help to destroy its delightful romance if I tell how this curious piece of linen of three hundred years ago really came into existence? A sister-in-law of Mr. Haggard's ingeniously executed the whole thing, and those fearfully and wonderfully made characters were penned by her own hand with coloured pigments! Mr. Haggard tells a merry story of a little adventure he had one day with this map.

He was taking it to be bound with the MSS., and travelling on the Underground Railway. The frontispiece of "King Solomon's Mines", is an exact reproduction of the original map. An old lady got into the same compartment as the novelist, and opening a copy of this very work, at once became deeply interested in the frontispiece. She turned it this way and that way—all ways, but was more puzzled than ever. It was impossible for Mr. Haggard to resist the temptation. He took the *real* thing out of his pocket, put it on his knee, and began studying it too. It caught the innocent old lady's eye. She looked from book to author, from copy to original, and was perfectly bewildered. Mr. Haggard got out at the next station, and when the train left the platform there was the old lady staring at him out of the window with indescribable amazement still written on her face.

In connection with "King Solomon's Mines" he once received a letter from a girls' school in America, thanking him most gratefully for writing a book "without a woman in it"! He also received a round



MR. HAGGARD'S HOUSE, IN WHICH THE BOER CONVENTION WAS SIGNED.

robin from the members of some great firm of electricians in Austria, acquainting him with the pleasure that some work of his had given them. It bore seven signatures, each writer of which was of a different nationality.

Then the manuscript volume of "She" is taken down from one of the shelves. It was written in six weeks, and a fortnight out of that time was occupied largely in doing a friend's work—reporting cases in the Divorce Court for *The Times*. To write a novel in little more than four weeks is a truly remarkable undertaking, the brilliant result making it a still greater accomplishment. Mr. Haggard sat down to write it with a very slight idea of the plot, only with the great creative character in his mind—that of an immortal woman—a type. A story which a lady once wrote and told him—the story of a woman and a cave—helped him in writing "She." The original sherd of "She" is over the mantelpiece.

Soon afterwards he left the bar, finding that his reputation as an author was detrimental to his practice there. The success of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She," the rush now for his earlier works—comparatively little read—was sufficient inducement for him to go on. As one work succeeded the other, his reputation was strengthened, his genius as a writer of romance impressed every book lover, his descriptive powers were considered as marvellously real as they were in many cases brilliantly imaginative. He is a great traveller. He spends months in a country where the scene of his work is to be laid. His notes of the

"Oh look! look! look!" shrieked you in a shrill falsetto of terror (203).
his eyes nearly dropping out of his head & foam upon his lips
look! look! look! she's shining up she's turning into a
moribund & down he fell upon the floor foaming
bubbling in a fit.

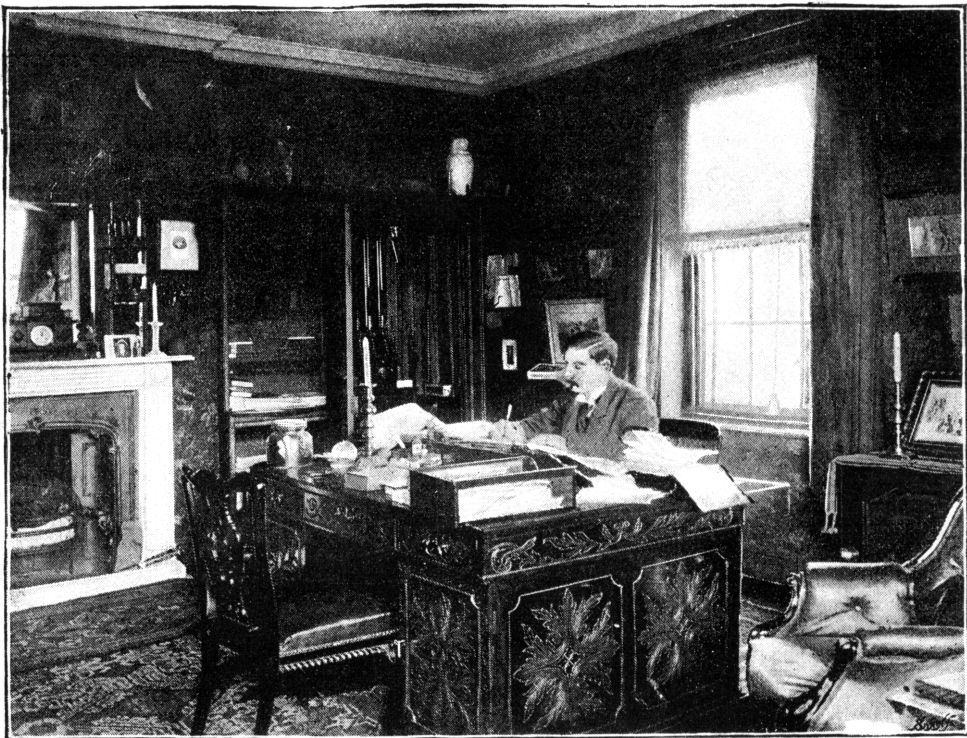
scenes, the people, and their manners are purely mental. The hardest travelling—in search of "scenes"—he ever had in his life was in Mexico. He characterises the roads in the wilder parts as indescribable, the food worse, whilst, in the hot country, sleep was most difficult to obtain, owing to the constant torment of venomous insects. A new work will soon appear, centred in these tropical regions.

Before he wrote "Eric Brighteyes" he went to Iceland. He made his way to Bergthorsknoll, the residence of Njal, the hero in "The Story of Burnt Njal"—who was burnt to death in the house there. The irrepressible novelist, with that love of search which he possesses, commenced digging in the floor of the old hall, and there found traces of the burning after eight hundred years. He retains fragments of some of the charred beams in a small Egyptian jar in the study.

He says that he has been often charged with plagiarism, and gave me a most amusing instance of such charges, which are so easy to bring, and so recklessly made.

"I once wrote a skit called 'Mr. Meeson's Will,'" he said. "It was a little hit at the

Court of Probate, where I practised. The heroine of the skit is supposed to have a will tattooed upon her shoulders. Now, it appears that there was a French novel—which I had never seen, read, heard, or dreamed of—in which there is a fair damsel who has a will tattooed on another part of her body. I was at once charged with appropriating this idea. Nothing of the kind. The real origin of my tattoo was a trick played upon an eminent Q.C. by his pupils, who sent in a set of papers to him for his consideration, in which the will propounded was supposed to be executed upon the human skin of somebody who was cast away on a desert island. The case interested our friend the Q.C. immensely, and he was so taken in as to give the matter a great deal of time, and actually gave a written opinion as to the validity of the document. This is a fair sample of the accuracy of these charges." Also he has been attacked because some of his tales are full of fights. "But," he says, "did reading of fighting, or even of the oppressions and cruelties of tyrants, ever harm any human creature; and are there, on the other hand, no virtues to be learned from stories of warriors



From a Photo. by

THE STUDY.

(Elliott & Fry.

faithful to the last, and of the heroic deaths of men? Is a boy, for instance, the worse for being taught that his hands were given him to defend his head; or, if need be, his cause and his country? I believe that there is more evil to be learned from what may be read in a week's issue of the daily papers than from all the books which deal with fighting and kindred adventures that are published in a generation. And while I hold this opinion I shall go on writing about such things, though sometimes I like to undertake an orthodox novel by way of a change. A man is not necessarily of a sanguinary mind because he tells stories of how people killed each other in past ages, or in the land of fable."

Mr. Haggard claims to create every character in his novels, and he considers six months a fair time to complete an important work. He takes no share in the arrangements for the publication of his books, which are managed by Mr. Watt, the literary agent, and never reads a review of them, unless it chances to appear in some

paper which he takes in, because he says that, if the notice be favourable, it is apt to give an author too good an idea of himself; and, if the reverse, to worry and discourage him, and to disgust him with his work. Moreover, he is of opinion that the writer of a book knows a great deal more of its strong and weak points than any reviewer, however impartial, which all reviewers are not; and that Time is likely to be a better judge than either author or critics, all of whose individual opinions are, therefore, somewhat superfluous. He usually writes some three or four thousand words a day, sitting down at a great oaken writing table, with a liberal supply of foolscap paper, about half-past four, working on till dinner-time, and again resuming the thread of his story at night for an hour or two. In the morning the farm and his correspondence claim him. His favourite work, and the one he considers his best, is "Eric Brighteyes." "She" comes next. Amongst his own characters his love leans toward "Beatrice."

HARRY HOW.



A MEXICAN IDOL.



The Cornet-Player.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO A. DE ALARCON.

[Pedro Antonio de Alarcon was born in 1833, at Guadix, in the province of Granada. Having studied philosophy in Granada, he returned to Guadix to follow an ecclesiastical calling, but soon abandoned it for a literary career, which was more to his taste. He went to Madrid, and contributed to several papers, his attractive style making a decided impression. When the Revolution broke out in 1854, Alarcon started a Republican paper; but his enthusiasm for Republican ideas appears to have been of short duration. The war in Africa afforded him an opportunity to satisfy his desire for adventure; rifle and pen alternately in hand, he followed the military operations, and wrote his very successful "Diary of an Eye-Witness." He took part in politics, becoming in turn deputy and senator; but finally abandoned everything in favour of literary work. His stories and poems enjoy considerable popularity. When he published the following story he declared that it would be his last; and, to the grief of his admirers, so it proved. He died in July last, after years of suffering.]



"H! Don Basilio, do play us a tune upon the cornet, so that we can have a dance!"

"Yes, yes, Don Basilio! Do play the cornet!"

"Bring Don Basilio the cornet which Joaquin had when he was learning."

"It is not a very good one, but you will play it, will you not, Don Basilio?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot!"

"Oh!" (*derisively*). "Why, you used to be a bandmaster in an infantry regiment!"

"Well, yes; it is quite true. I used to

play the cornet. I was a crack player, as you say. But it is also a fact that about twelve years ago I gave my cornet to a beggar, and have never blown a note since."

"Bravo! Here's the cornet! Now you must play."

"I am very sorry, dear children, but I really cannot play."

"Oh, yes, you will! You are so good-natured!"

"Won't you play to please *me*, grandfather?"

"And *me*, uncle?"

"Good gracious, children, do not tease me so! I have told you that I do not play."

"But why?"

"Because I made a vow that I would not play. I made a vow to myself, to one who is now dead, and to your poor mother, my daughter!"

At these words all faces became sorrowful.

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "if you knew what it cost me to learn the cornet!"

"Tell us the story!" cried the younger ones in chorus.

"Well, there *is* a story attached to it," said Don Basilio, "so I will tell it."

And, seating himself under a tree, the old man related, to the swarm of young people who surrounded him, how he had learned to play the cornet:—

"It is some years now since the Civil War broke out in Spain. I had a friend, a lieutenant in the same battalion as I, the most accomplished man I ever knew. We had been educated together, left college together, and fought side by side in many a fight. We were both willing to die in the cause of freedom—he was, if possible, more enthusiastic than I!

"But what happened? A superior officer was guilty of an act of injustice towards my friend Ramon—one of those cases of abuse of authority which spoil the most honourable careers—in short, an arbitrary act so offended the lieutenant as to cause him to leave the army, to separate from me, his friend, and go over to the opposite party. He said he would kill the officer, for he was very high-spirited, and would not take an insult from anybody. Nothing that I could say was of use. We were at that time in Asturia, about three leagues from the enemy. Ramon was to desert that night. It was cold and rainy, dark and dismal, that night before the battle.

"It was about midnight when Ramon entered my tent and aroused me. 'Basilio!' he whispered in my ear.

"Who is that?"

"It is I. Good bye!"

"What! are you going already?"

"Yes. Good-bye!" And he grasped my hand. 'Listen,' he continued. 'Should we have a battle to-morrow, which seems probable, and meet on the field——'

"I know; we are friends."

"Good; we salute each other and go on fighting. It is probable that I shall die to-morrow, for I am resolved not to leave the field until I have killed the Colonel. As for yourself, do not be too rash; fame is only a shadow."

"So is life."

"You are right. Well, may you become a general!" exclaimed Ramon; 'the pay is certainly not shadowy. Alas! all that is finished for me!'

"Good gracious, what an idea! I cried, with assumed confidence. 'You see if we do not both survive the battle to-morrow.'

"Suppose we make an appointment?"

"Where, and at what time?"

"At the San Nicholas Asylum, at one o'clock at night. If either of us does not appear, he has fallen. Is that agreed?"

"Right! Now, farewell!"

"Farewell!"

"We embraced one another tenderly, and Ramon vanished in the shadows of night.

"As we feared—or, rather, as we hoped—the insurgents attacked us on the following day. The fight was a fierce one, and lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon till nightfall. I saw Ramon once; he was wearing the Carlist cap. He had already become commandant, and had killed our colonel. I was not so fortunate; the insurgents took me prisoner.

One o'clock at night—the hour of my appointment with Ramon! I was confined in a cell in the prison of a small town occupied by the Carlists.

"I asked after Ramon and the reply was: 'Ah! he is a brave fellow. He killed a colonel. But he is dead, no doubt.'

"What! dead?"

"Yes; he has not been seen since the battle."

"I leave you to guess what I went through that night. One gleam of hope remained: that Ramon was waiting for me in the Asylum of San Nicolas, and this was the reason he had not returned to the insurgent camp. 'How great will be his grief,'

I thought, 'when he finds that I do not arrive; he will think I am dead. And is my last hour really far off? The insurgents always shoot their prisoners! Tomorrow I must die; but Ramon will return before then. But suppose he has fallen? Good Heaven! relieve me from this uncertainty!' And thus I waited for the morrow.

"An army chaplain entered the cell in the morning; my companions in misfortune were still sleeping

"'Death?' I exclaimed when I saw the chaplain.

"'Yes,' he answered, in a gentle voice.

"'Are we to die at once?'

"'No; in three hours' time.'

"A minute later my companions were all awake, and the prison resounded with cries, sobs, and curses.

"They allowed me to wear my officer's uniform; a Carlist cap was placed on my head, and a soldier's cloak thrown round me. In this way I walked to the place of execution with my twenty companions. One prisoner—and only one—escaped death; he was a musician, and they spared the lives of musicians because they did not fight, and because they, the Carlists, were in need of bands for their battalions."

"And were you a musician, Don Basilio? Were you saved by being a musician?" interrupted all the young people at the same time.

"No, my children," answered the veteran; "I was not a musician, I scarcely understood a note of music."

"The square was formed" (continued Don Basilio), "and we were placed in the middle. My number was ten; that is, I

was to be the tenth to die. Then I thought of my wife and my daughter—your mother, child.

"The firing began; I was blindfolded, so could not see my companions. I tried to count the volleys, so that I might know when my turn came; but I lost count at about the third volley. Oh! those volleys! At one time they seemed a thousand miles



"DEATH?"

off, the next time so close that they seemed to be fired at me.

"'This time!' I thought. The reports rang out and still I was untouched.

"'Now it is my turn,' I said to myself for the last time. I felt something clutch me by the shoulders and shake me, and there was a roar in my ears. I fell unconscious; I imagined that I was shot dead.

"The next thing I remembered was that

I seemed to be lying on my bed in the prison. I could see nothing. I raised my hand to my eyes to take off the bandage, but I touched my eyes instead ; they were wide open.

"The prison cell was quite dark ; I heard the noise of bells and trembled. It was the evening bells. 'Nine o'clock,' I thought ; 'but what day is it?'

"A shadow, blacker than the darkness of the cell, bent over me. It appeared to be a man ; and where were all the others ? All shot dead ? And I ? I lived ; or else I was in my grave, dreaming all kinds of nonsense. My lips mechanically whispered a name, the name which filled my mind :

"'Ramon!'

"'What do you want ?' answered the shadow at my side.

"'Great Heaven!' I cried, shuddering with horror ; 'am I in the other world?'

"'No,' said the same voice.

"'And I, am I alive too?'

"'Yes.'

"'Ramon ! Are you alive?'

"'Yes.'

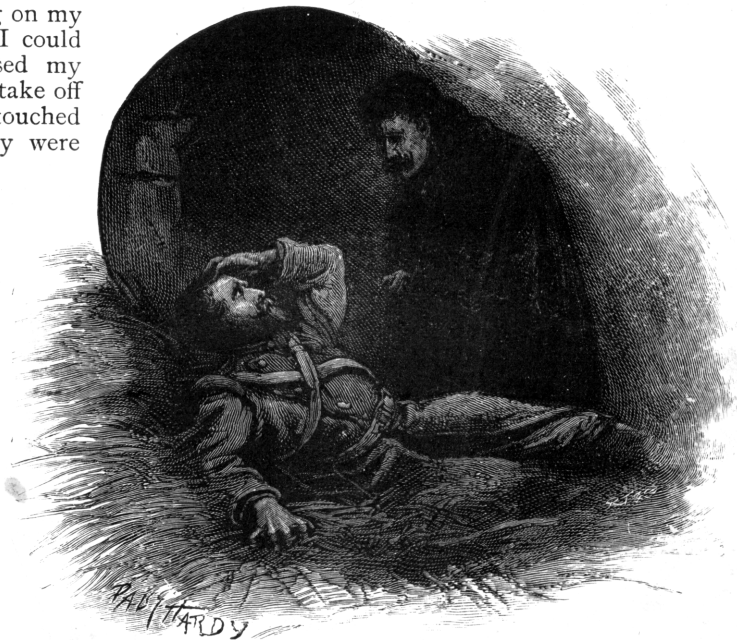
"'Where am I ? Is this the Asylum of San Nicolas ! Then I am not a prisoner, and I have dreamt it all.'

"'No, Basilio, you have not dreamt it. Listen.' And this is what he told me :

"'Yesterday I killed the Colonel on the field of battle ; I am avenged ! I continued to fight and deal out death, for I was blind and mad with rage ; and I fought till the night fell, and the battle was over.

"'I was much fatigued ; and, as I saw the moon rising, I thought of you, and bent my steps towards the San Nicolas Asylum to await your coming. It was ten o'clock, and the appointed time was one o'clock. On the previous night I had not had a wink of sleep, so I fell into a sound slumber.

"'I awoke with a cry of fright as the clock struck one. I had dreamt that you were dead. I looked around, and found



"A SHADOW BENT OVER ME."

myself alone. Where were you ? The clock struck two—then three—then four ; still you did not come. Of a certainty you were dead.

"'The thought drove me to despair. The day was breaking, and I left the Asylum, and made my way hither to rejoin my troop. I reached here at sunrise. They all thought that I had fallen in the battle, and when they saw me they overwhelmed me with congratulations, embraced me, and told me that I was just in time to see twenty-one prisoners shot.

"'Suddenly a thought sprang up in my mind—was Basilio among them ? I hurried to the place of execution ; the square had already been formed, and I heard shots. The firing had begun.

"'I strained my eyes to distinguish the prisoners, but I saw nothing. Pain made me blind ; my brain reeled with anxiety and excitement. At last I distinguished you—you were to be shot, *you* !

"'Two more victims, then it would be your turn. What was to be done ? My senses threatened to leave me ; I uttered a cry ; I threw my arms around you ; and in a choking, yet clear tone, I cried out : 'Not this one ! Not this one, General !'

"'The General who commanded this division, and who knew me, and also knew how I behaved yesterday, asked me : 'Why not ? Is he a musician ?'

" 'This question was to me what a sudden glimpse of a springtide sun would be to a man born blind. A ray of hope gleamed in front of me, so unexpectedly, so strong, that it confused me. "A musician?" I cried, "yes, yes, General; he is a musician, a great musician!" You, Basilio, were then lying unconscious.

took you in my arms, and brought you to this prison.'

"Ramon had scarcely finished when I jumped up, and, forgetting where we were, embraced him: trembling all over, and laughing and crying at the same time.

" 'I owe you my life!' I said.

" 'Not quite,' answered Ramon.

" 'What do you mean?' I cried.

" 'Can you play the cornet?' he asked.

" 'No,' I replied.

" 'Then we have a bad look-out.' And indeed, children, a cold shudder went through me.

" 'And music?' asked Ramon. 'Do you understand music?'

" 'A little, very little; just what we learnt at college—you know how much that was.'

" 'Yes, that is a little—we might as well say nothing. You are doomed, without doubt, and I also for having deceived them, for the band to which you are to belong must be ready in two weeks.'

" 'In two weeks!'

" 'Neither more nor less. And if you cannot play the cornet—well, unless Providence works a

miracle on our behalf, they will shoot us both without mercy.'

" 'Shoot you!' I exclaimed. 'You! and through me; *me*, whose life you saved! No, Heaven will not permit it! In fourteen days I will play the cornet!' And Ramon laughed.

" 'Well, children, in a fortnight—such is the power of the will—in fourteen days, with fourteen nights (I did not sleep or rest the whole time), I learnt to play the cornet. Yes, you may well stare.

" 'Oh! what days those were! Ramon and I went out from the camp into the fields, and spent the whole day with a musician, who came from a neighbouring town to give me lessons.

" 'I neither spoke nor thought; I scarcely

" 'YES, YES, GENERAL; HE IS A MUSICIAN!'

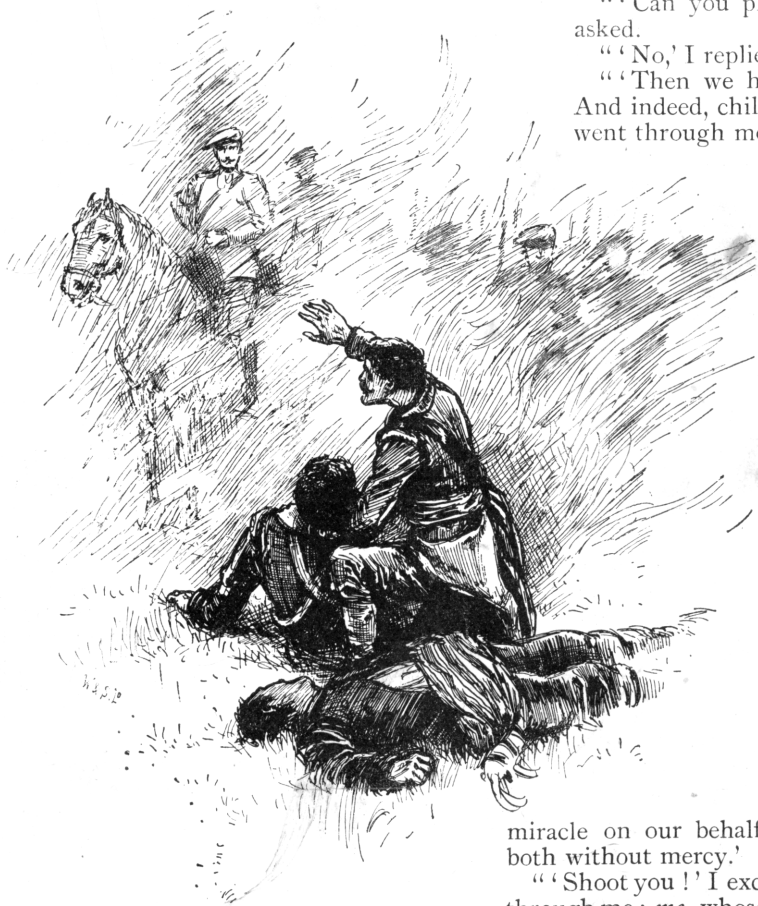
" 'What instrument does he play?' asked the General.

" 'Why—er, the—er, that is, the—why, of course, he plays the cornet-à-piston,' I stammered.

" 'Do we want a cornet-player?' asked the General, turning to the band.

" 'Five seconds, which seemed like five centuries, passed before the answer came. "Yes, General, we do want one," answered the bandmaster.

" 'Take this man away, then, and let the execution go on,' said the General. So I





"I LEARNT TO PLAY THE CORNET."

ate. I was suffering from a kind of madness. My one idea was music—the cornet. I made up my mind to learn, and I learnt. And it seems to me that had I been dumb I should have learnt to speak ; lame—to walk ; blind—I should have recovered my sight !—because I had the *will* ! Where there's a will there's a way ! I had the will, and I succeeded. Children, mark that !

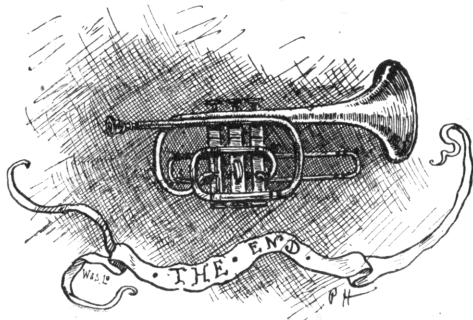
"So I saved our lives ; but the experience affected my brain ; I was mad about music. For three years the cornet was scarcely ever out of my hands. C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C : that was my world, and my life was spent in blowing the cornet.

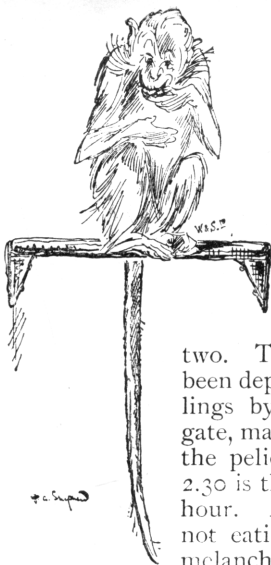
"Ramon would not leave me. I went to France with him, and played the cornet there. The cornet and I were one. My

madness was like that of Donizetti's. Everybody came to hear me, including the leading musicians ; I was a prodigy. In my hands the cornet became a living thing ; it sighed, it groaned, laughed, scolded ; it mimicked the bird and the beast of prey, as well as the sobs of a human being. My lungs were of iron.

"Thus I lived for two years longer, and at the end of that time Ramon died. The sight of my friend's lifeless body had such an effect upon me that it broke the spell and restored my reason. I took up the cornet—but my skill was gone, and I could not play it.

"Now do you wish me to play you a dance?"





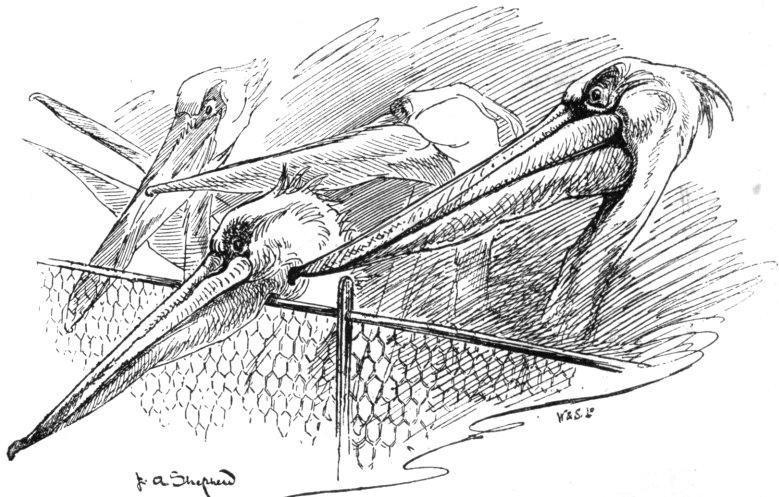
Dinner at the Zoo.

HE place, the Zoological Gardens. Time, nearly half-past two. The visitors, having been deprived of their shillings by the man at the gate, make a bold push for the pelicans' enclosure, for 2.30 is the pelican dinner-hour. A pelican who is not eating is commonly a melancholy sort of bird,

with a conviction that too much of his leg material has been used up to construct a beak, and a disposition to brood over the inequitable distribution of things. But dinner-time works a marvellous change in the pelican. His beak isn't half big enough then, and he would gladly, if he could, add a yard of material to the floppy pouch hanging beneath it. When the keeper arrives with a basket of fish, the casual observer sees little in the enclosure but a complication of very large beaks, like snapping shears, which bite, snap, flop, grunt, and become entangled together generally. But the budding Progognomist observes the varying actions of those beaks. He views the floppy pouches with discretion and the stumpy legs with judgment.

Consider the corner enclosure, now. Here there are white pelicans (it is more majestic to call the white pelican *Pelecanus onocrotalus*) with one specimen of the crested pelican, whose Latin name is not so many feet long. As the keeper opens his basket, and when most of the beaks snap wildly in the air, our crested friend uses his own beak

to belabour the heads and snatch at the eyes of those about him. The worthy old fellow objects, and very naturally, to anybody getting anything to eat but himself; so he wastes his time and loses his opportunities in attempts to chevy his relatives away from the fence, one at a time. Then, when herrings fall in a silvery shower his time is so much occupied in punishing those who catch them that his own score must average rather low. Progognomically, it is reasonable to say that if that crested pelican had been born human he would have been a reviewer—a superfine reviewer. Among the other common, scrambling, uncrested pelicans, most, in waiting for the herrings, reach away over the fence, snapping and gobbling madly at nothing. One, however—sly old fellow, with one eye shut—stands quietly behind with his other eye on the keeper and waits. He knows that the keeper will throw the bloaters *into* the enclosure, not a yard or two on the other side of the fence, where the row of straining necks puts forth the bill-file—or rank, as you look at it. He is right, and, in consequence, comes out several bloaters ahead. This pelican need never fear transmigration into human shape. He will do well anywhere. The herrings having all disappeared, gloomy



J. A. Shepherd

"THE BEAKS SNAP WILDLY."

meditations are renewed, and the crested superfine reviewer, with a parting snap or two, approaches a stump about a foot high. This he solemnly regards for five minutes, stretching his wings the while, and preparing, apparently, for a flight many miles high. Then, with a great effort and an excited grunt, he flies—on to the stump, where he sits in solemn elevation, and gobbles savagely at such of the vulgar rabble as come within reach.

From up on the terrace one may look over into the bear-pit, and drop whatever one pleases to the two most respectably fat bears below. Sometimes people drop what they don't please; I saw a tall hat go once, on a windy day. One bear sniffed it over rather contemptuously, turned it with his paw, and picked it up doubtfully by the brim. It was quite a new sort of present. Biscuits and buns were common, a cigar-end came sometimes, and now and again a pebble or a piece of slate-pencil; these he was used to, and managed to digest pretty well, one with another. But this new-fangled, shiny thing—perhaps a dark design to poison him, or even dynamite—who knew? And then, again—what! no, it couldn't be—sniff—yes, without a doubt, it actually smelt of bear's grease inside! All that bear's nobler feelings were aroused; he was no cannibal, nor would he accept a meal—particularly one he didn't understand—from the slayer of an ursine brother. He dropped the hat in disgust, while the owner started off to find a keeper. Before he came back, however, the other bear, expecting a bun, got up on his hind legs and sat on that hat. There are few hatters who will undertake

to iron a hat which a bear has been sitting on, for sixpence.

These two bears, being chiefly supported by voluntary contributions, exhibit all the fine artistic laziness of the professional tramp. If you begin throwing biscuits, one will, indeed, sit up to catch them; but that is really only to save trouble and get the morsels sooner, for you are expected to pitch them into his mouth. Throw one two or three feet away, and observe the expression

of reproach which creeps over that bear's face. You are either a shocking duffer, he thinks, or a most malicious person, and he slowly rolls over on all fours and finds the biscuit. Starvation will compel him to ascend the pole; that is to say, if the brutal callousness of visitors has kept him without the necessities of life for about ten minutes, he may, with persuasion, be induced to climb for a bun. But it must be made perfectly clear that without the climb starvation will continue; and the bun must be plainly and temptingly exhibited in all its sticky gloriousness, on the end of a stick. Then *Ursus arctos*, resigning himself to the inevitable, looks first for commiseration to the other bear. "Here's a nice state o' things," he seems to say, "for a pore workin' bear as has to pick up his livin' permiskus. I'd strike if I wasn't famishing. They ought to be obliged to chuck 'em down into our mouths by Act of Parlyment."

And then he reluctantly starts up the pole.

Arrived at the top, and having devoured the bun, he looks about, as though to say, "Well, where's the rest? I want something for my climbing, I do. You're the sort as



J. W. Shepherd

"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

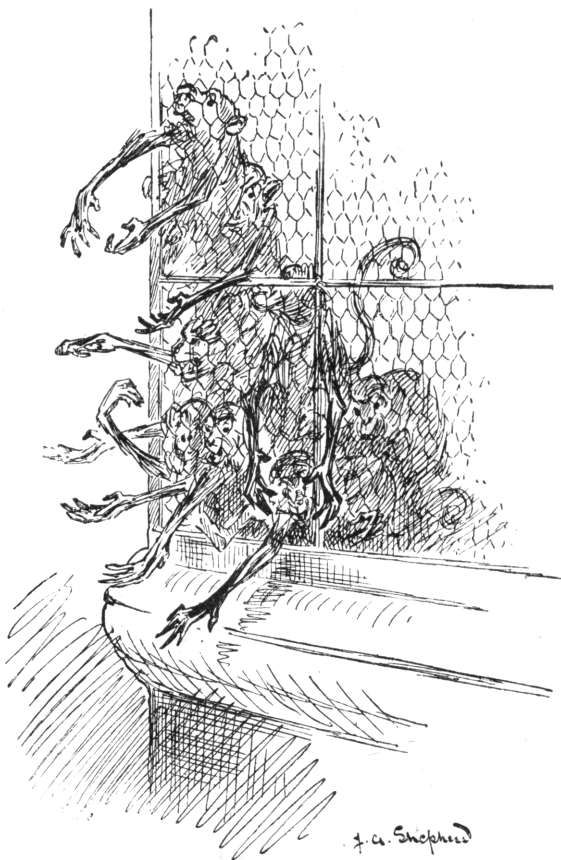
wants people to work for nothin', you are. I want my rights as a workin' bear"; and he opens his contribution box to its fullest extent. Biscuits and another bun follow the first, and still the collecting-box is offered, till the crowd melts away. Then the bear looks round for more commiseration. Nobody being there to commiserate him, he commiserates himself. "Got to climb down again for nothin', I s'pose. Who's goin' to pay me for that, I'd like to know? Nice sort o' world this." If we had to compare this bear to a human being, who would the human being be? Let us think. There's the threat of a strike; the demand of his rights as a working bear; the peculiar English dialect he thinks in—I know he thinks in that dialect; such a bear couldn't think in any other—and there is the contribution box. Why, can it be a peculiar section of—but no, comparisons are odious.

Arriving at the monkey-house, the animal Prognomist is apt to be nonplussed. It is scarcely fair to a beginner to set him to deal with an advanced genus like the monkeys—only one remove in the class below the human family. And, besides, what sort of individual study can he make opposite a large cage, when the exhibition of a single crumb will produce the sort of demonstration which the artist here gives us? A crowd of clutching paws and chattering teeth can scarcely give grounds for any definite scientific conclusion, except that all the monkeys want the same morsel. Careful watching,

however, will tell many things. How one monkey would prefer, beyond all things, the glasses off the nose of an interested bystander; but, through difficulties with the mesh of the wires, has never been able to achieve more than a single eyeglass. How even the offer of a nut will not seduce others from mutual cuticular investigations. How the Diana monkey, pretty as it is, is clearly misnamed, since it is disrespectful to suggest the possibility of the chaste goddess turning rapid summersaults by way of earning a biscuit. Many more things

than these will be learned, and instructive theories based thereupon; but for our present purposes monkeys are too large a study.

A stork is a bird of a very different mental mould from the pelican. The pelican broods, the stork meditates; the pelican is a Jeremiah, the stork is a Solomon. This, of course, in the monumental or non-eating condition. A much respected if not very numerous class of Hindoo pundit achieves immortality and avoids the transmigration of his soul into an inferior body by sitting in strict seclusion, and concentrating his whole mental faculties on no-



"A CROWD OF CLUTCHING PAWS."

thing whatever for many years, or, perhaps, by fixing his eyes upon his outstretched little finger and his thumb against his nose for as long a period. Now, if during all this time this sacred personage were to make a mistake—allow his attention to wander, for instance, in the direction of cutlets for dinner, or the Home Rule question, or his fingers, in a moment of forgetfulness, to leave his nose

and scratch his ear—if he were to do something of this sort, and thus incur transmigration in the regular Buddhist course, I believe he would become a stork. Indeed, I have no doubt that the storks whose profundity of meditation we all so much admire in the Zoological Society's Gardens are incarnations of most respectable and influential Mahatmas who have had an accident in training, and so become scratched from the race of immortals. Observe their attempts to renew training. Did ever Mahatma in this world so solemnly, so intensely, so severely bring his whole mental faculties to bear on nothing for hours together as one of these? The stork is endeavouring to make up for lost time. There he stands, with his shoulders humped, his eyes half open, looking at nothing; all the brains under his almost bald pate are set to work upon the same object. But he



J. A. Shepherd

"WHITEBAIT OR SOLES?"

will never complete his allotted term of meditation—never, that is to say, so long as it is the custom to feed him regularly. Look! the time for dinner approaches. Most would observe no change in the demeanour of the stork; but the close examiner will detect a slight quiver of the eye: the temptation is too strong, and his glance almost imperceptibly wanders to where the keeper usually appears with the fish. Alas! the flesh is weak. His eyes have strayed from their contemplation of nothing, and his mind follows. "Wonder what's for dinner to-day?" thinks the stork. "White-

bait, perhaps, or soles—glorious! Something worth being a stork for! Even a whiting wouldn't be so bad, while, as for a

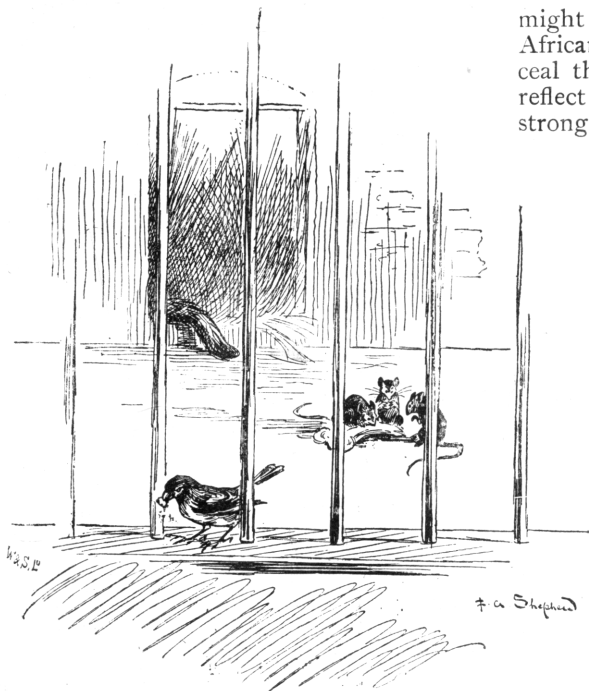
nice trout with—well, there!" Soon the keeper appears. The stork doesn't run after him—that would not be becoming in a Mahatma; he waits with pretended indifference. And the keeper throws toward him—herrings, actually and literally herrings! It is too bad. Bloaters again! But he doesn't fly into an undignified and unphilosophic rage; without moving otherwise, he simply elevates his eyelids to their furthest extent, and turns from under them a sadly, resignedly reproachful gaze on the keeper. Oh the sorrow of it! All his noble resolves, his heroic concentration, his immortal training, thrown to the winds for two penn'orth of bloaters! Bitterness and woe! Notwithstanding which he swallows the bloaters.

Walk quietly away round beyond the southern ponds. Here is a cage from which some well-satisfied carnivore has retired into his den, leaving the end of his tail over the threshold as an intimation to visitors. He has also left a fairly well picked bone, and a scrap or two of biscuit thrown in by human admirers. Step softly. A syndicate of three mice has gone into business with the bone, and a saucy sparrow is levying a distress on the biscuit. The sparrow flies away without affording an opportunity for study; but from what can be seen of the mice their principles seem to be dishonest. The morals of the mouse are hopeless.

Along past here are the wolves' and foxes' cages. The fox is a sharp feeder, but a well-behaved one; the wolf isn't. A pair of animals that fight and yelp and make a swirl of unholy confusion over food which is quite enough for two are unimproving examples of domestic concord. Leave them alone.



"BLOATERS AGAIN!"



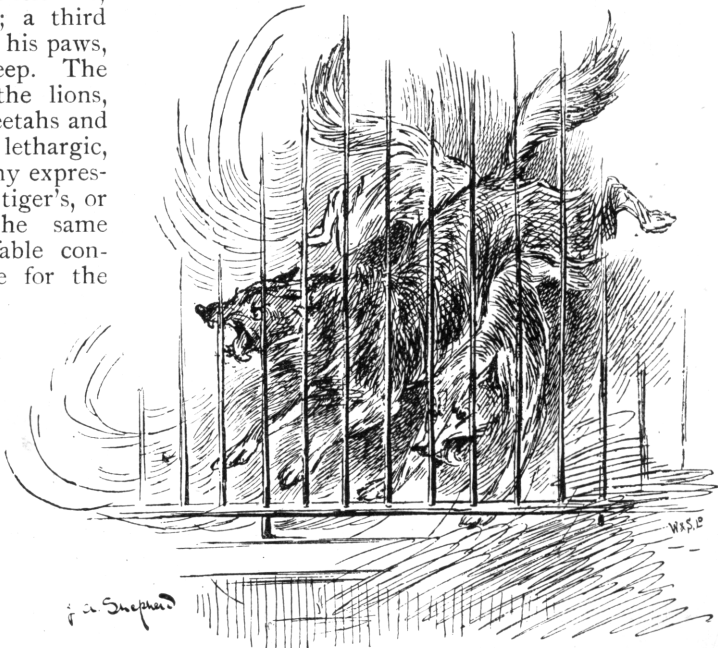
"UNINVITED."

Here is a gravel walk leading to a handsome red building—the lion house. Feeding time is still in the future, consequently one lion is lying on his left side, another on his right; a third with his nose between his paws, and most of them asleep. The tigers are as lazy as the lions, only more so. The cheetahs and panthers are a little less lethargic, but every face with any expression at all in it—lion's, tiger's, or leopard's—expresses the same thing—an utter, ineffable contempt and indifference for the whole human race and all its works. If the Emperor of Russia, Mr. John L. Sullivan, "General" Booth, and Mr. Tracy Turnerelli were to walk past arm in arm, no eye would turn, nor tail wag, and not a symptom of interest would these lions show. If Lord Randolph Churchill were in the group, they

might tremble a little (at any rate, the African ones would), but they would conceal their terror, even then. They would reflect that Lord Randolph was safe beyond strong bars, and this would have a large effect in calming their agitation.

Which leads me to mention a little theory of my own in regard to the listlessness and boredom of these lions and tigers. Seeing the bars before them, it is, I believe, their firm conviction that all the human sight-seers are caged off, and are passed before them in review as interesting curiosities, being kept from annoying the august spectators, the lions and tigers, by strong bars, a low railing, and the notices which are stuck on the wall. They have become bored and listless because the show is so long and so monotonous. A continual procession of lions and tigers, miles long, day after day, for several years, would bore *us*. Being just such a show ourselves, we bore the lions and tigers. Some-

times a little variety is introduced by a mischievous boy, in spite of the printed notice, throwing a biscuit with great accu-

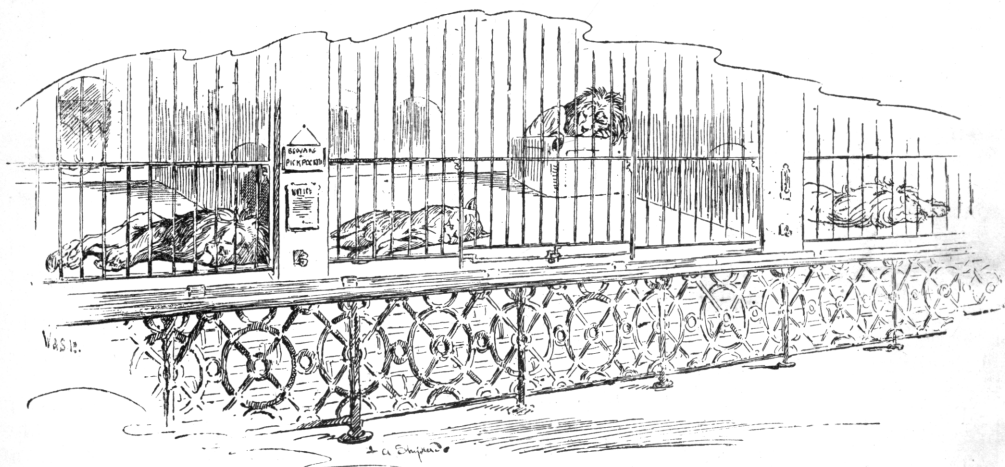


"IMPATIENT."

racy into a tiger's eye, or pitching a small paper of snuff under a lion's nose ; then they growl aloud or roar to the keepers, their body servants, to let those faithful men know that someone is hurting their felines. I once saw the notice about irritating the animals set at naught by a bold, bad artist who was trying to sketch a rampant lion. The lion wouldn't ramp a bit, but lay in the most maddeningly supine attitude possible, on his side, with his nose on his paws against the bars and his eyes shut. He had observed that one of the strange two-legged creatures before him had been provided with a sketch-book and pencil—probably in order to interest him by a little change in the usual programme—but he wasn't interested ; so he lay as I have said. The artist whistled, hissed, and growled at him ; but he was sublimely indifferent. Then a bright thought struck that artist. Observing the keeper looking out of window at the other end of the house, he leant well over the barrier and took a good hold of one of Leo's whiskers, protruding through the bars ; this he tugged vigorously, and immediately produced a rampant lion, ready-made, on the spot, with tail, claws, teeth, and roar complete. The sketch was a great success, but I do not recommend the process for general use, for several reasons. Even in this case retribution fell on the artist some time afterwards ; for he became a lion-tamer himself, and while at a show in Germany gave another lion an opportunity of biting a piece off his head, which the sagacious animal availed itself of. But—as a distin-

guished author would say—that is another story, I mean.

But four o'clock slowly approaches, and the animals soon become conscious of this. The lionesses give the first indications of the approach of dinner time by walking along inside the bars and doing all possible to look sidelong toward the keeper and round the corner, whence, at the blissful hour, emerges the trolly of beef. Thus the wives. The faithful husbands still lie indifferent, merely turning an eye from time to time in the direction of their helpmeets, as who would say, "The old woman's unnecessarily excited—just like the sex. All that anxiety won't bring the dinner sooner ; and it's very undignified." But soon, as the lioness grows more restless, the master of the house rises to his feet, which is sensible. If a healthy, full-sized lioness were running about near me, and treading on my stomach occasionally, I should want to get up myself. Once upon his feet he becomes to some extent infected by the agitation of the lady, and, although he never allows it quite so far to overcome his dignity, he can't conceal his interest in the forthcoming business. Soon rumours begin to pass up and down among the cages, by the medium of growl and roar. The third tiger from the end, counting from the west door, can just get a glimpse of the clock by standing on his hind legs and squeezing his left eye into the corner against the bars. He reports that it is already two minutes to four, albeit there is no sign yet of the appearance of the usual refreshments. The news is passed along amid general indigna-



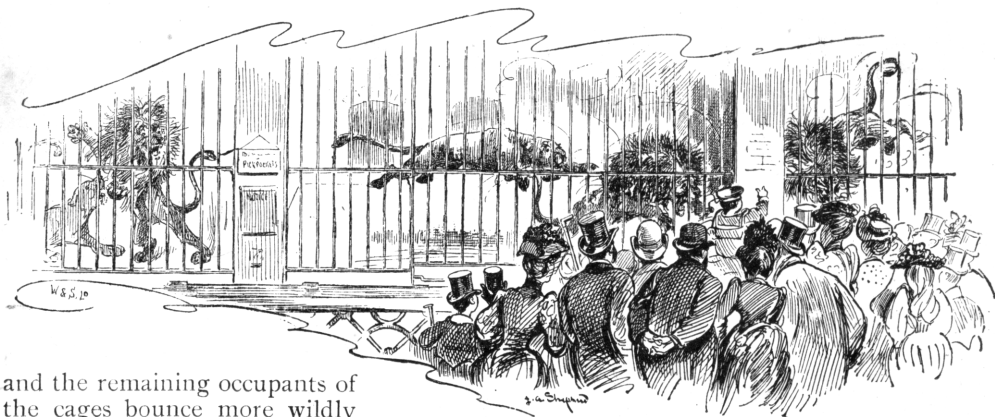
THE LION HOUSE : BEFORE 4 P.M.

tion, and there are hints of an organised strike. Then a second keeper is reported to have appeared, and the crowd of visitors has become visibly larger. At these hopeful indications great enthusiasm is displayed and prime beef stock regains its premium. Just now a slight diversion is created by a domestic tiff between two leopards who both want to trot up and down against the bars at once, and object to being run against. They bare their teeth with a mutual yell, and the lady goes for the countenance of her lord and master with her nails. Said lord and master promptly rolls on his back, and elevating his own finger nails and opening his mouth in an uninviting grin, awaits the attack. Lady surveys the situation generally, and changes her mind.

The third tiger from the end is reported to have expressed his opinion that the clock is slow. Immense sensation. One of the keepers being seen to retire toward the back of the building, lion and lioness rise to equal excitement and join in a general roar and dance.

The human crowd has largely increased,

nose through the bars, and reaches madly with both paws for all the beef and the trolly and keepers complete. He seizes the piece of beef offered him on the end of a pole, and promptly subsides into low grunts, growls, and purrs, as he tears it apart. Others perform in the same way, and soon a row of lions is busy in the matter of refreshments—much too absorbed to be grateful, and never remembering the waiter. Such married couples as may feed together manœuvre deftly before the keeper as he selects the "portions," each intent on getting opposite the first piece, to which end they maintain a continual game of leap-frog, taking each other's backs in pauseless succession. The third tiger from the end, as he turns his regular circle, never stops when the trolly arrives opposite his cage, although he steadfastly regards it from the corner of his eye. He is a careful tiger, and means to measure up to the very second he is served. So he continues his trot after his tail, although it becomes visibly a quicker trot in a smaller circle, until the beef is thrust under the bars, when he promptly exchanges his gyratory attitude for that here depicted.

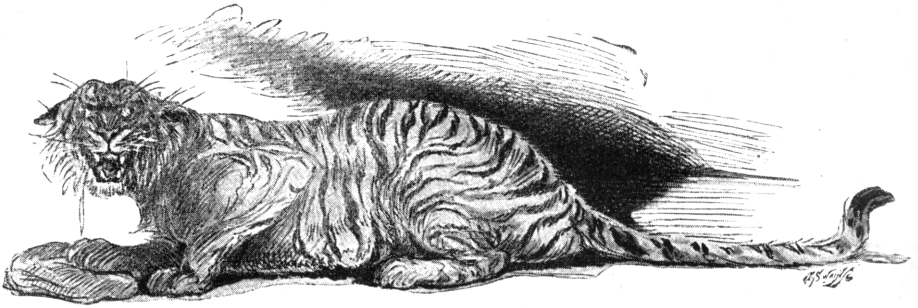


THE LION HOUSE: 4 P.M.

and the remaining occupants of the cages bounce more wildly than ever. The third tiger from the end, who is quite a horological character in his way, abandons contemplation of the clock, and begins measuring the remaining seconds, and working off his excitement by running round after his tail in a small circle. And now, with a grateful, gurgling roll in the tram lines provided for its reception, the trolly appears. Multiply all the previous bouncing, jumping, dancing, and roaring by five, and realise the effect of this apparition. Accompanied by two keepers it proceeds to the end cage, where a wickedly handsome ruffian of a Nubian lion attempts to cram his

All are fed, and grunting content possesses the lion house. It will be perceived, however, that married couples who feed together do it in opposite corners, keeping each an eye on the other, and taking care to finish the repast at least as soon, lest any part of that juicy beef remain to be disputed, and possibly lost.

A more docile sort of lion is fed half an hour later—the sea-lion, who is really only a very big kind of seal, badly wanting a shave. He possesses also the distinction above other seals of a pair of ears, and the



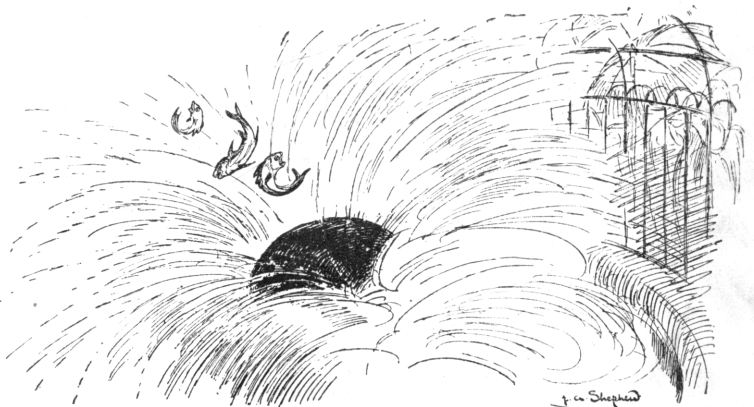
F. A. Shepherd

"A JUICY MORSEL."

tenancy of an unusually eligible and commodious pond, with a platform to crawl upon and a chair if he wants to sit. He is a good swimmer, but his walk is not captivating. He can't help it; it is not easy to cultivate a military stride on flappers. He is as impatient for his dinner in his way as the big cats, but he is quieter and better behaved. He climbs out of his pond, ambles up the gravel path to the gate, and receives the condolences of the visitors through the bars. The keeper is a good friend of his, so he does not blame him for not bringing those fish half an hour before the proper time, but he feels grieved, nevertheless. When the keeper does come, he has no more loyal and obedient friend than the sea-lion. He will do anything for him—or for a herring. He will climb up on the chair and catch the fish unerringly in his mouth. He will run (or as near it as possible) up an inclined plane for one. He will rear up most affectionately and kiss the keeper—keeping one eye on the basket all the time. But readiest of all he will plunge into the water with a mighty splash for any number of them, while the surrounding spectators turn tail or open umbrellas to avert the consequent drenching. Altogether the sea-lion is a pleasant beast, but he drops into his pond with all the weight of a large bull-calf, which is inconsiderate to a radius of a good many yards.

Reporters at a fire continually speak of

the "all-devouring element." This is a perversion of a stock term which, I am convinced, should read "all-devouring elephant." For an elephant devours things which no fire will consume. He will curl up his trunk before a small crowd, and receive good-humouredly a miscellaneous shower, in which biscuits, buns, apples, cigar-ends, pebbles, and fragments of lead-pencil mingle in a riot of miscellaneousness. He has been known, certainly, to shy at snuff, but that was probably in the case of some ignorant elephant not properly educated to its use. Most of the elephants here are quite up to snuff. If you have stuffed a prominent pocket full of sandwiches or apples, it is inadvisable to turn your back to Jingo. He is a very respectable elephant, but that is no reason for unnecessarily exposing him to temptation, and placing his honourable reputation in danger. I have observed of late, I regret to say, a disposition on the part of the Zoological Society's elephants, after leaving their daily work, to frequent Messrs. Spiers & Pond's bar—the small one, just under



"A MIGHTY SPLASH."



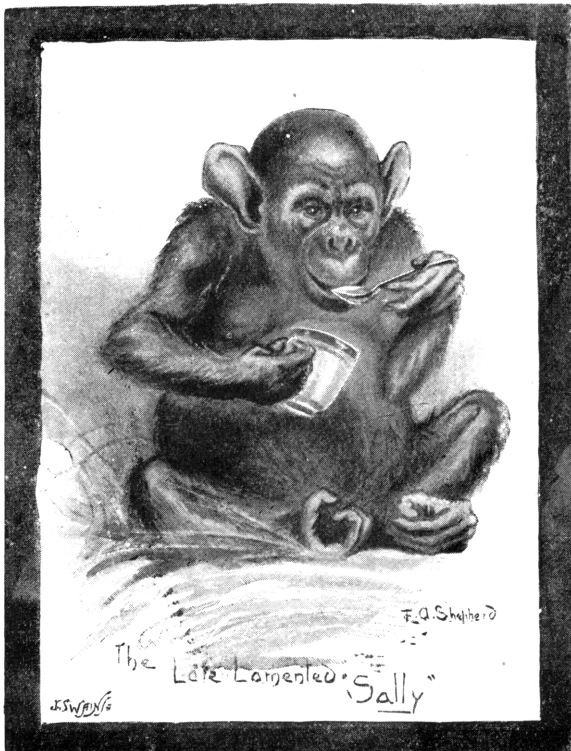
"ALL-DEVOURING."

more study the ways of Sally, the famous chimpanzee; for Sally is dead, and hath not left her peer, wherein she resembles our old acquaintance Lycidas. The immortal Sally no more counts up to five and takes her afternoon tea with a cup and spoon, like a Christian soul. She has a successor, it is true, in Paddy, who may become as great a genius in his time, but who hasn't had time yet, and very often has a bad cold. Let us hope, however,

the arch. This is very sad. Of course, there are buns there, and people to buy them, but I fear the effect of the habit. Jung Perchad, as a very large and sober animal, ought to set a better example.

Sad, sad, that the Prognomist can no

for Paddy, and wish him well of all his colds. For Paddy is certainly a gentleman, since he wipes his mouth after drinking, and would be a master of polite manners could he overcome his shyness.



The Herald of the Dawn.

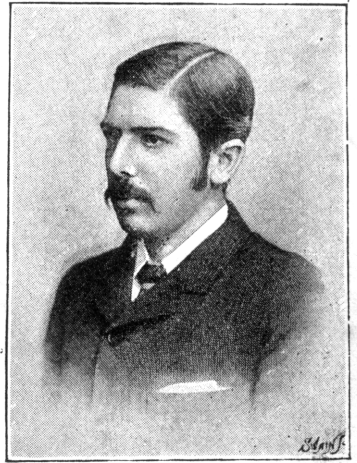
BY J. R. WERNER.



MR. J. R. WERNER.

[From a Photograph taken in Africa in 1888]

[MR. JOHN REINHARDT WERNER, the writer of the following story, died at Elmina, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on August 16 last, at the early age of twenty-nine, just as he was rising into fame not only as an African explorer, but as an author of much skill and graphic power. He was known chiefly for his explorations in the region of the Congo, and for his book, which appeared two years ago, entitled "A Visit to Stanley's Rear Guard," which describes his travels on the Congo and his visit to the camp on the Aruwimi, where Major Barttelot and his companions were waiting wearily for news and succour from their chief. Mr. Werner's father was a German, who was naturalised in England, and who died at Tunbridge, where the boy received his education. He was brought up as an engineer, and at twenty-four entered the service of the Congo Free State, and made numerous journeys up and down the river, during one of which he explored the Ngala, till then an unknown tributary. He made a second visit to the West Coast last summer, but had not long landed when he fell a victim to pneumonia. "The Herald of the Dawn" was among the last things which he wrote, and is, in all essential particulars, a most interesting record of his own experience.]



MR. J. R. WERNER.

[From a Photograph by J. A. Flemoux, Tunbridge.]

"**L** WISH you'd give me something from the Congo, something with a history to it."

"Well, I'm afraid I have nothing much left to give you—certainly nothing with a history."

"Where is that little red stone you had in the spring?"

"Which?"

"Why, the one you had polished—the bit of red quartz with the gold in it."

"The one I called the fetish stone?"

"Yes."

"Oh! that I had mounted, and gave away shortly after the Albert Hall reception. There was no gold in it, though it looked like it; it was only iron pyrites, I believe. Even if it had been gold it would have proved nothing, as it was worn to a pebble, and might have travelled thousands of miles—even from Katanga—before I picked

it up. Before the reception, half London was wild to get tickets, outsiders offering from £3 to £10 for them, while no one who had them would part with them for any sum. After the reception all London seemed to go Stanley mad. Men whom I barely knew would come and ask me for some souvenir from the Congo; others would come to my rooms, and walk away with any little thing they could lay their hands on, if they thought it came from Africa; so, at last, I collected all the small things I had about, and gave them away to friends to prevent their being pirated by mere acquaintances."

"You went to the Albert Hall reception?"

"Yes; and I hardly expect to see such a sight again in my lifetime. The huge building was full to the very roof. You were somewhat disappointed with Stanley in Philadelphia; naturally he had rather tamed off. You could not expect him to

keep up for six months the enthusiasm of his first addresses. Then think what it must have been to him to walk up that great hall, the cynosure of eight thousand pairs of eyes. He followed the Prince of Wales up to the platform, and then, for the first time, I got a chance to study the man about whom all London was raving. As he stood there responding to that princely welcome, my thoughts flew far back to three lonely graves in Afric's palm-clad soil; and, as he read on, I gazed round and round that vast hall, filled with the flower of London society, till a mist came before my eyes. The Prince and Stanley, the lights, the diamonds, and that sea of faces faded away, and in their place seemed the pitiless African sun shining down on the endless panorama of forested river banks, the palmy plains of Langa Langa, the grassy flats of Lomami, and the mighty reaches of the Congo. Again I seemed to

I found myself picking out Arabs to aim at, and using my rifle with what now seems to me to have been fiendish deliberation. I thought no more of the slugs, but only of Deane and poor Dubois.* We never found out the actual loss of the Arabs, but I feel sure Dubois was well avenged that day. If anything had been wanting to steady my nerves, I had only to glance down at Deane, reduced to a bag of skin and bones, lying on a rude bed—his head supported on his left hand, while he held a revolver in his right—and in his eyes the light of courage and resolution, which thirty days' starvation and misery in the bush had not been able to quench. Of all that galaxy of beauty, wealth, and fashion, few could realise as I could what the relief of Emin Pasha had really cost, and what Stanley and his companions had gone through."

"But I want to know the history of that pebble. Was it at this fight you picked it up?"



AP

"I FOUND MYSELF PICKING OUT ARABS."

hear the war-cry of the Houssas, the rush of water, and the rattle of musketry, with the sharp cracks of the Martinis, answered by the deeper bang of the Arabs' flint locks and muzzle-loaders. It was my first time under fire, and I am afraid that if I had had leisure to analyse my feelings as the slugs began to whistle round us, I should have to acknowledge that I was in a blue funk. But I was kept too busy, till the glamour of fighting was on me, and then

"No, it was nearly two years later, at Stanley Falls. Jameson had just come back from Kassongo with Tippoo Tib; and he and Barttelot had left for Yangambi with the 400 carriers whom they were going to march overland from that place to Yam-buya. I was to follow a few days later with my chief, and Tippoo Tib was to accompany us. I was down with fever the day

* Lt. Dubois, who was drowned while trying to escape with Deane when Stanley Falls station was lost.

Barttelot left, and did not shake it off till several days afterwards. Towards evening on the third day I received a message from the chief, asking me to come up to the hut where he was living, as he had important instructions to give me. On going up to the Arab house which he used as his headquarters, I learnt that he had had some row with Tippoo Tib about the limits of the latter's territory. What had actually happened I never heard, and could only gather, from the reports of the men who had been present, that the Belgian had folded his arms across his chest and told the Arab chief he would not allow him to enter the territory of Bangala; and that Tippoo in reply had merely pointed to the canoes that had brought the white man over to the south bank, and ejaculated, 'Inshallah! enda zako!'

"Whatever the row had been, the chief was greatly alarmed, and ordered me to get everything ready in case the Arabs attacked us that night. Most of the stores were on

carried down, and got safely on board the launch, before, the dark clouds drifting from the moon, a flood of silvery light poured over all the land. The boat was lying well away from all forest and bush, so there was very little danger of attack until the moon set, between twelve and one—and this gave me plenty of time to carry out the chief's orders. I felt sick and giddy, and the fever burned like hell fire; but seldom have I worked as I did that night. The majority of the Houssas were to remain on shore with the chief. I was to have six in the launch with me, besides my boy—two to work the engines in case of need, and four to do sentry-go. The usual allowance was two, but that night I was to set a double watch—one man on the sun-deck of the steamer, and one on shore, close to where the anchor lay, in order that he

might lose no time in carrying it on board if necessary.

"My orders were to have everything in readiness to get up steam in case of need, load every gun and rifle on board, and keep a good watch, doing sentry myself, as soon as the moon was down, till daylight. As the chief considered it of the first importance that the Arabs should not capture the steamer, he gave me for sentries four Houssas who had been on night duty for some time, and had been given the whole day for sleep. In case of attack, I was, on the first



"INSHALLAH! ENDA ZAKO!"

shore, and it would have been hopeless to convey them to the boat without attracting the attention of the Arabs; but, as soon as it was dark, the greater part of the ammunition and provisions were

alarm, to push out into deep water, and light the fire, keeping as near the shore as I could, with all my guns ready to cover the retreat of the chief and his men. As soon as they were safe aboard, we were to

pole out into the current, and drift down until steam was up. Should the steamer be the first point of attack, I was to push out into the middle of the stream, and, if possible, wait there until the chief and his men joined me, either in canoes or by swimming; but I was on no account to risk the capture of the steamer by the Arabs—not even in an attempt to save the chief. If I could not beat off the enemy, or should the chief be killed, I was to steam off down river. In the event of my being surrounded and unable to escape, I was to proclaim a *sauve qui peut*, and sink the steamer in the deep swirl that spun over from the bluff on the south shore two miles below the Fall.

"Aided by the full light of the tropic moon, then some nine days old, I cleared the poor little launch for action. As silently as possible, we loosed the lids of cartridge cases, loaded guns, and piled up ramparts of bales and boxes. Swinging the boat round till the moon shone full on the gauge glass, I ran the water into the boiler, and laid the fire. All being ready, the launch was warped down some ten yards to where a shelf of rock sloped sheer off into deep water; so that, as she lay, she had only two feet on the shore side, and about eight feet on the other. I had kept the men on the dark side of the steamer, where the sun-deck cast a deep shadow; so that, from a distance, only the sentry standing up above was visible.

"Everything was now finished, but the arrangements for sinking the boat in case of need, and of these the men must be kept in ignorance. The fireman and greaser lay down in the stoke-hole with a can of paraffine for a pillow, and cotton-waste, matches, &c., close at hand. Two other men and the boy tied themselves into a knot under an old blanket in the fore part of the launch. One sentry was posted on shore, by the anchor, and the other remained on the sun-deck above.

"As soon as I was alone in the stern of the boat, I lifted the centre floor-boards,

and piled them on one side. From underneath I drew up a sledge-hammer and a small anvil. Selecting a plate on an outside strake,* I arranged the floor-boards so as to leave it clear, and laid the hammer and anvil close beside it. The anvil was about as much as I could lift, and I shuddered as I thought of the fierce struggle with the dark waters, should I find it necessary to heave it through the $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch plates of the poor little launch. The hammer was laid ready, in case the anvil did no more than spring the rivets.

"The mosquitos were fearful; so, having done everything I could possibly think of, by way of preparing to give the Arabs 'pertikler perdition,' should they come to court it, I tied up a mosquito net and lay down on the bales and boxes beneath it, to follow the famous example of Mr. Micaw-



"I LIFTED THE CENTRE FLOOR-BOARDS."

ber. I had hitherto been too busy to notice the sentries; but, knowing the nature of the beast, I now turned my gaze in the direction of the man on shore. To my horror, I observed that he was evidently asleep in a position that only a black man

* The lines of plates in a ship's hull are called strakes. An outside strake is one whose edges overlap the strakes on either side of it.

could possibly invent. His legs were wide apart, both his hands were laid over the muzzle of his loaded Snider, and across his hands was stretched his lanky throat. Had that gun gone off, the ball would have passed through both hands, into his throat, and out at the crown of his head.

"'Baccolli!' I called in muffled tones, fearful of waking him too suddenly. No answer.

"'Momo!' No answer. 'That other brute is asleep, too,' I exclaimed; and sure enough, on looking up on the sun-deck, I found Momo doubled up with his rifle lying beside him. Jumping ashore, I approached Baccolli.

"When a nigger goes to sleep, he does

jerk put me in possession of the gun, and sent Baccolli rolling among the rocks. Up like a shot, he was just on the point of bolting in a panic, when a *sacré cochon* from me reassured him, and he stood still saluting.

"'What the —— you go for sleep?' I asked. 'You want Manyema come chop you one time!'

"'Master, I no go for sleep.'

"Suppressing a strong desire to kick him for a liar, I merely said:

"Then go wake Momo one time, go catch him gun first, and no make row; if them gun go off ——' and I held up my revolver to let him know what he might expect if he brought the Arabs down on us. Climbing up on the sun-deck, he handed me down Momo's gun, and then, after five minutes' hard punching, succeeded in waking him, just managing to prevent his going overboard in a senseless panic.

"Giving them back their guns, I let them resume their watch; but, oh! it was weary work keeping those men awake. Did I leave them for five minutes down would go their heads, and no amount of threats of present danger or punishment to come produced any effect. The moon was sinking towards the west; in less than two hours it would be pitch dark, after which I would have to keep watch myself as well as the Houssas. There was evidently no means of keeping Baccolli and Momo awake till midnight; it was clear they had not been sleeping during the day as they should have done. I dared not go to sleep and trust to their promises of keeping awake; and if I did not get some sleep now, I should have hard work to keep myself awake during the long five hours of darkness between set of moon and rise of sun, when I should have

to strain all my senses to the utmost. Perhaps Isaac and Salacco would be better; they had now had two hours' sleep, and could surely keep awake till moon-down, when they could call me, and I would relieve them with Momo and Baccolli.

"'Momo, you go one time catch Isaac and Salacco—you no good, to-morrow you go catch plenty chicot.'

"For the first time that night Momo moved with something like energy, but it was some time before he succeeded in rousing the relief.

"When they at last came on shore I told



"HE WAS EVIDENTLY ASLEEP."

sleep—danger or no danger; but, should he be suddenly aroused, in the former case he will let off his gun in any direction in which the weapon may be pointing, and take to his heels. I felt carefully for the hammer of the Snider, and breathed more freely as I found it only at half cock. I shook him, and shouted at him as loud as I dared, gazing fearfully round the while, and fancying an Arab in every shadow. All to no purpose. Baccolli evidently did not sleep by half measure. This would never do; so, putting my foot against the stock of his Snider, I grasped it near the muzzle. A

them I had shortened the watches to two hours, and promised rewards if they kept awake, and dire punishments if they went to sleep. Sending Isaac, a big, hulking Fantee, 6 ft. 2 in., and broad in proportion, up to the sun-deck, I stationed Salacco by the anchor, and lay wearily down under the mosquito net to try and snatch a little sleep.

"Isaac being on the sun-deck overhead, was, of course, out of my sight. I could only judge that he was awake by the uneasy shuffling of his feet, and the low grinding of his gunstock on the deck. Some twenty minutes passed, and then I suddenly started out of a restless doze, and looked through the mosquito curtain at Salacco. As I gazed, he slowly folded his arms round his gun and sank into a squatting position, the rifle standing upright between his arms and knees. Instantly I jumped ashore, and, as he had not had time to get into a sound sleep, I soon roused him up.

"What for you go sleep?' I demanded, angrily; 'you want Manyema come chop you one time?'

"Master, me no sleep.'

"You no sleep! You no see me come till I catch you.'

"Master, ear no sleep. Manyema come, me hear him, me shoot one time.'

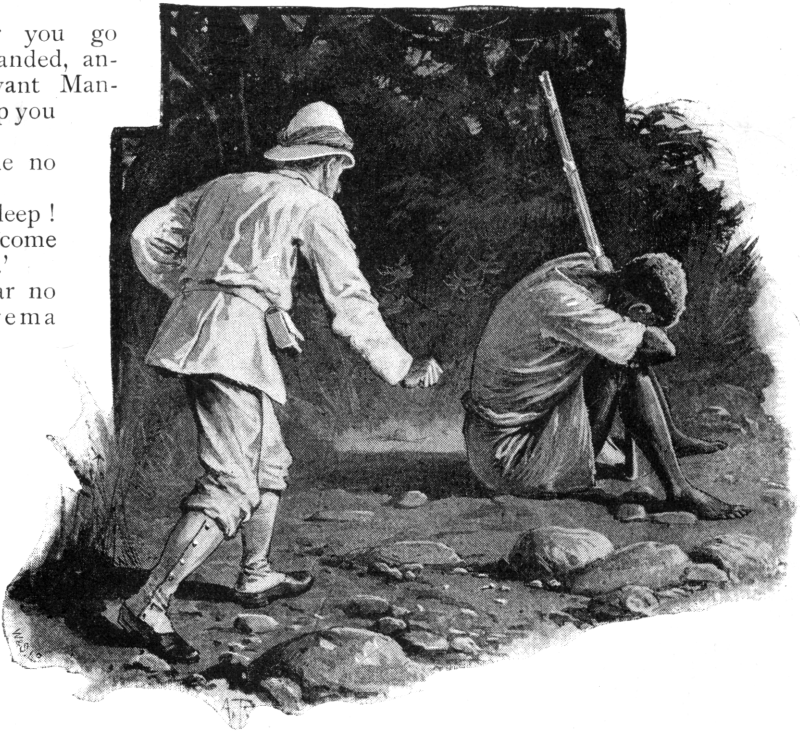
"Shoot one time be hanged! I no want you shoot, you keep awake; if you see Manyema, you tell me.'

"The moon was now getting low, and casting long shadows

across the stream. Isaac, at any rate, appeared to be awake, so I again crawled under the mosquito net. I dozed, half asleep, half awake, for some time, till at last I felt as if I could not keep my eyes

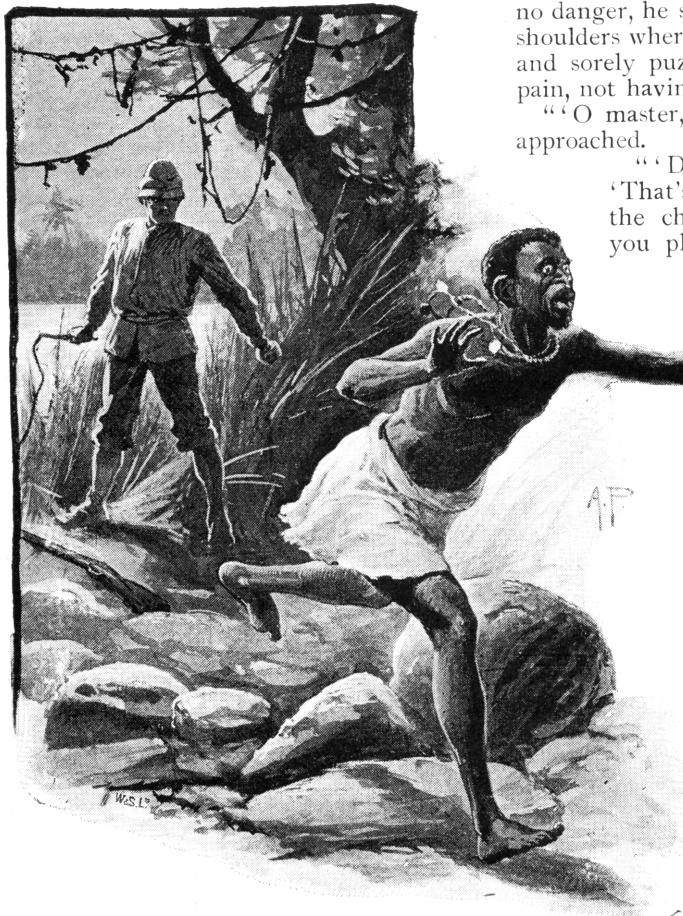
open any longer; not even to save my life. With a terrible effort I raised myself to have a last look at the sentries, and black rage swept over me as I again saw Salacco squatted down round his gun, with his head between his knees. Picking up a hippo-hide chicot, I went ashore and walked up to him.

"Salacco!" No answer. Holding the muzzle of his gun so that the shot would fly clear if it went off, I raised the chicot, and gave him a cut across the shoulders. A white man would instantly have jumped up with a yell; but when a nigger gets properly to sleep you can almost cut steaks out of him before waking him. It took several seconds for the smart of the blow to penetrate sufficiently into Salacco's thick hide to wake him; and then, thinking the Manyema had got hold of him, and were beginning to slice him up for the pot, he jumped up, let go his gun, and rushed off



"I SOON ROUSED HIM UP."

as if Old Nick was after him, never stopping till he was quite close to the bush some 300 yards off. Had the Arabs sprung out of the deep shade and killed him there and then, I do not think I should at that



"HE RUSHED OFF AS IF OLD NICK WERE AFTER HIM."

instant have felt sorry. It would have ended the misery of that awful night, and I shuddered at the thought of the long hours I should have to watch and listen in the dark, from moonset to dawn, feverish and deadly sick as I then felt. Could inward curses have blasted, what a fate would have been in store for those four Houssas, not one of whom could be trusted to keep awake for half an hour while the moonlight lasted! How I should have gone for those Arabs had they attacked us then! What a relief it would have been to have emptied my six-shooter into half a dozen Manyema. As it was, there was nothing for it but to suppress my pent-up wrath as best I could; though between sickness and rage my head felt as if it would burst. Salacco, finding no yelling cannibals at his heels, stopped in the deep shadow of the forest verge, and looked back. Seeing

no danger, he slowly returned, rubbing his shoulders where the chicot had struck him, and sorely puzzled as to the cause of the pain, not having seen the lash in my hand.

"O master, I die —," he began as he approached.

"Die, be —," I exclaimed. 'That's what make you die,' shaking the chicot at him. 'To-morrow you plenty die if you sleep like Washensi.'*

"Me no sleep; Manyema come, me wake one time."

"O ne time to blazes! Manyema come chop you one time, you go for wake inside Manyema belly, you no look for catch Mahommed's houris there!"

"Master, I make good watch now."

"Turning towards the launch, I noticed Isaac standing up on the sun-deck, his legs apart, and his head resting on his hands over the muzzle of his gun. 'How the deuce can I wake that brute without an accident,' I wondered, as I clambered on board. A kind providence solved

the problem for me. As I stepped on the gun-wale of the launch and grasped the coaming of the sun-deck, she rocked slightly, Isaac's balance was destroyed, stiff as a log he fell over, and dropped head first into the deep water on the off side. I had just time to grab his rifle before he fell. The splash sounded awful. 'Great Scott! if the Arabs are watching us, they will get a pretty good idea of what is going on, and come for us right away!' I thought, and hung on where I was, listening intently, and straining my eyes all round; but nothing could I see, and nothing hear, save the roar of the falls, the humming of insects, and the sputterings and splashings of Isaac as Salacco helped him out of the water. Luckily he had swallowed too much mud to be able to yell when he came to the surface.

* Bush native or Bushman.

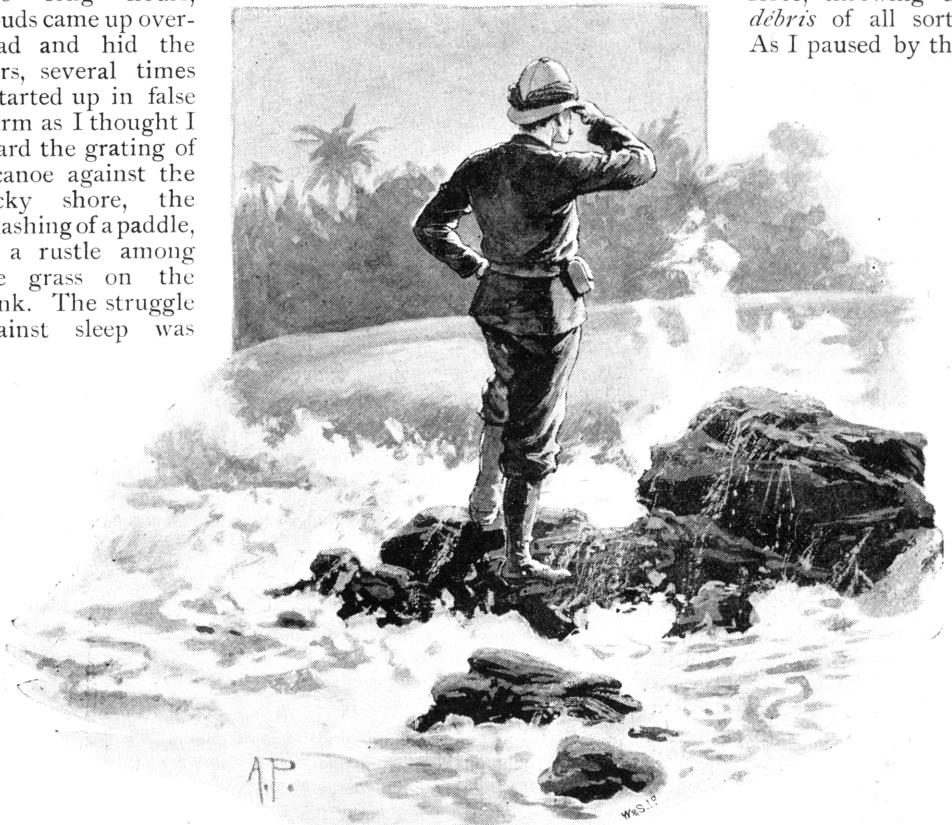
"After this I gave it up. Mounting the sun-deck I told one of the men to hand me up a camp stool, and sat down to do sentry myself. The moon was nearing the tops of the forest trees, and the dark shadows were gradually stretching farther and farther across the water. The Arab settlement across the river would soon be wrapped in the black robes of utter darkness, and then our only safety lay in listening, sheer listening. The launch was moored just below a long reef of rocks which stretched a third of the distance across the river, and protected her from the fierce swirl of the rapids. The water being low, these rocks were quite dry, and I took particular notice of the outer extremity of the reef as long as there was any light. When the moon sank behind the dark forest wall, I left the boat and felt my way carefully along to the far end of the reef, to see if it was possible for canoes to approach its upper side. Satisfied on this point, I returned to my post.

"Minutes crawled into long hours, clouds came up overhead and hid the stars, several times I started up in false alarm as I thought I heard the grating of a canoe against the rocky shore, the splashing of a paddle, or a rustle among the grass on the bank. The struggle against sleep was

fearful. How I did envy those niggers doubled up over their guns, for I let them sleep on, thinking it safer than the noise I should make continually waking them. It was terribly dark—not a star was visible. How long those hours did seem! At last the clouds began to break, the buzz of tropic insect life became hushed, and only the never-ending diapason of the cataract sounded through the silence that precedes the dawn.

"Weary and stiff, I clambered ashore, felt my way silently along the reef of rock, till I stood at the far end, straining eyes and ears to their utmost. Round the end of the reef the rapid tore and whirled with an eddying rush that beat up the water into white foam. It made too much noise for me just then, so I moved slowly back along the upper edge of the reef till I came to a small hollow in the rock, into which the wavelets beat over a low ledge of smooth stone. The rapid surged against the reef

with considerable force, throwing up *débris* of all sorts. As I paused by this



"I STOOD AT THE FAR END."

rocky hollow,* the swirl of waters dashed up a small pebble, which spun into it. I stooped to see what it was, and picked up this herald of the dawn; for, as I again raised myself and looked towards the east, over the forest-clothed island of Wana Rukuru broke the first signs of the welcome day.

* * * *

"No, we were not attacked. As soon as I was sure that the dawn was breaking I kicked up the men and let down the canvas curtains of the launch, to hide her warlike appearance. If a nigger sleeps soundly at night, he rises with the dawn, and, as soon as I had seen them all (except the sentries) squatted round fires cooking their breakfast, I lay down and slept till the chief sent for me. Tippoo sent a message over early in the morning, and matters were arranged somehow. I have no doubt that, had a row occurred, the Arabs would have

* These hollows are very curious, some of them being perfect circles in shape. They are formed by a large piece of stone getting one of its corners caught in a small hole. Being too heavy to be lifted out by the current, it forms a sort of whirlpool, which works it round and round like a large drill till it wears a deep hollow. Some of these hollows are over two feet in diameter. How many ages they must have taken to form!

attacked Yambuya camp next. I was devoutly thankful things passed off as they did. Could I have done anything to save the white men at the Aruwimi camp? Well, not much. It is certain as fate the chief would have been cut to pieces before he could have fought his way to the steamer, he had about three-quarters of a mile to go, and his white face would have been a mark for every Arab gun. Some of the Houssas might have escaped, being black and dressed like the Arabs. The lower Aruwimi was then still free from Tippoo's raiders, and, had I succeeded in reaching its mouth with men enough to work the launch, I should certainly have tried to reach the camp by night. But there were about 800 loads in that camp. I could only carry some 200 in the launch, and Barttelot was the sort of man who would have let himself be cut up bit by bit like a tarantula, before he would have deserted his post.

"That is the history of that pebble. I have often wondered since what Stanley's feelings would have been, had he known in the midst of the dark forest that a disaster to his rear column, worse even than the fate that overtook it, hung for sixteen hours in the balance, between an Arab's ambition and a Belgian subaltern's pride."



Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

CHARLES SANTLEY.

BORN 1834.

MR. SANTLEY was born at Liverpool, and received a thorough musical training in England and under Gaetano Nava in Milan. At twenty-three he appeared at St. Martin's



From a Photo, by

AGE 35.

[W. & D. Lowney.]



From a

AGE 24.

[Photograph.]

Hall as *Adam* in the "Creation." From that time to the present few figures have been so familiar and so popular as Mr. Santley's. He is acknowledged to be the finest English baritone singer of the day, and the master not only of a voice of rare power and beauty, but of a taste and feeling almost rarer. Mr. Santley is also an enthusiastic amateur painter. He married a granddaughter of Charles Kemble, and one of his daughters has inherited his gifts and followed his profession.



From a Photo, by

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a] AGE 2½. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 16. [London Stereo, Co.

MISS FANNY BROUGH.

MISS FANNY BROUGH is the daughter of Robert Brough (who died at the early age of thirty-two), the well-known journalist and dramatic author; her mother (who is still alive) being the niece of Miss Romer, the celebrated vocalist. Miss Brough was born in Paris, and made her first appearance in London on the stage of the St. James's, on October 15, 1870, in Sutherland Edwards' adaptation of "Fernande," in which she played the title rôle. After playing on tour, she appeared as *Clara Douglas* in Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's cele-

brated revival of "Money." Miss Brough then went to the Gaiety, and was afterwards engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham. Among Miss Brough's most conspicuous successes were *Fuchsia Leach* in "Moths," and her creation of *Petrella* in the Spanish play of



From a] AGE 22. [Photograph.

"The Woman and the Law," for the excellence of which performance she was presented by Señor Leopoldo Casa-y-Mano, the author of the novel and original play, with his portrait, accompanied by a most complimentary letter. Miss Brough is now playing *Mrs. Egerton Bompas* in Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Times."



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Barraud.



From a Photo. by AGE 19. [*Le Gray, Paris.*]



From a Photo. by AGE 25. [*London Stereo. Co.*]



From a Photo. by AGE 35. [*E. J. Stoneham.*]



From a Photo. by AGE 42. [*London Stereo. Co.*]

THE LORD MAYOR.

BORN 1849.

MR. DAVID EVANS was born at Llantrissant, Glamorganshire, and is the first Welshman who has become Lord Mayor for nearly a century. He is sole partner of the firm of Messrs. Evans & Sons, warehousemen, of Watling-street, in which he already occupied a leading position at the age at which our first portrait represents him. At twenty-

five, the age of our second portrait, he was elected to a seat in the Court of Common Council—the beginning of a distinguished career in the public service. At thirty-five, the age of our third portrait, he was returned as Alderman, and the next year was elected without opposition to the position of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. He resides at Ewell Grove, a fine old mansion, and was, until last year, master of the Surrey Farmers' staghounds. The Lord Mayor is married, and has a family of eight children.



AGE 12.
From a
Daguerreo-
type.



AGE 22.
London Stereo-
scopic Co.



AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Candall, Downes & Co.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 40.

[Watery.



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Sarony & Co.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 50

[Watery.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

BORN 1841.

CLEMENT SCOTT, whose dramatic criticisms in *The Daily Telegraph* are among the best-known and most powerful of the day, and who is the author of many popular books and plays, is the son of the Rev. William Scott, vicar of St. Olave, Old Jewry, was born at Christ Church Parsonage, Hoxton, and educated at Marlborough College. He was appointed to a clerkship in the War Office, 1860, and retired on a pension in 1879, when he joined the editorial staff of *The Daily Telegraph*.



From a

AGE 12.

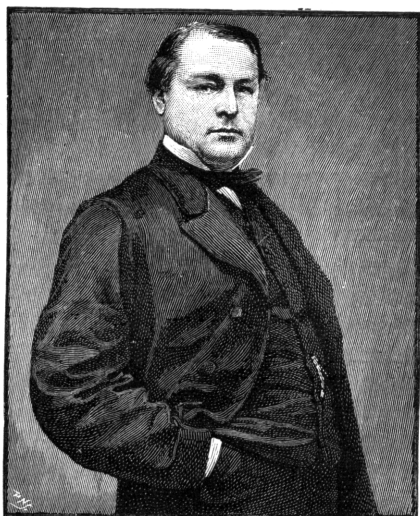
[L. M. G. & Co.]



From a

AGE 18.

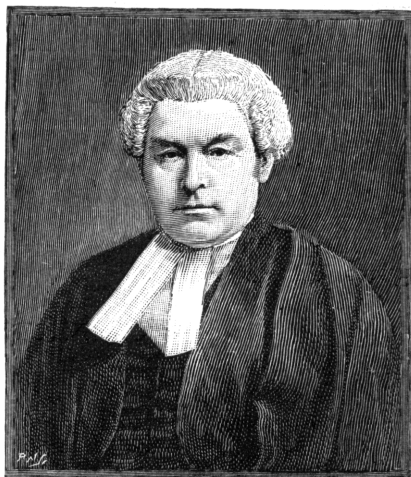
[Pencil Drawing.]



From a Photo. by]

AGE 42.

[H. J. Gent.]



From a Photo. by]

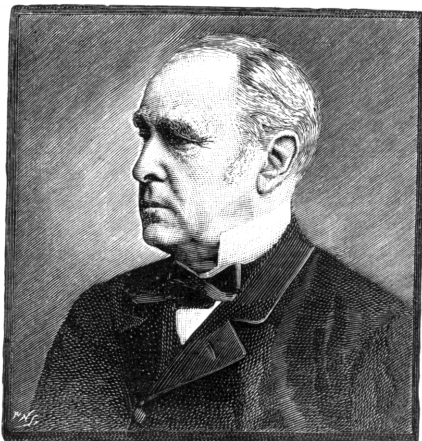
AGE 52.

[Stereo. Co.]

LORD JUSTICE HANNEN.

BORN 1821.

THE Rt. Hon. Sir James Hannen, the eldest son of Mr. James Hannen, merchant, was born at Kingswood, Surrey, and educated at St. Paul's School, and at the University of Heidelberg. He was called to the bar at the age of twenty-six. At forty-seven he was



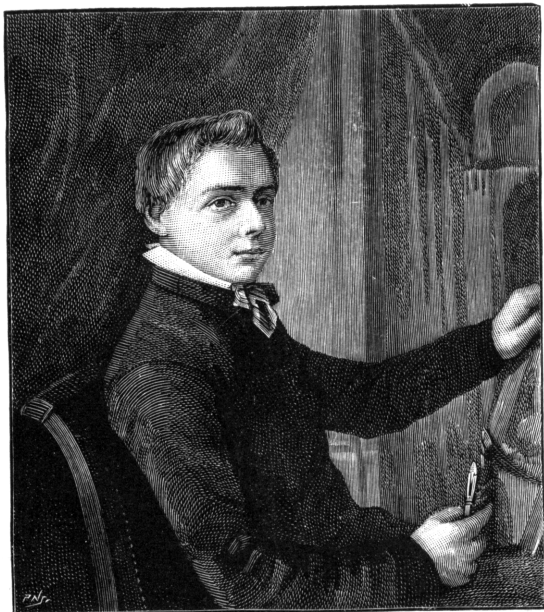
From a Photo. by]

AGE 70.

Byrne & Co., Richmond.

made a puisne judge of the Queen's Bench, and received the honour of knighthood. In 1872 he was appointed judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce. Lord Hannen was the head of the Commission of Judges appointed to investigate the charges brought against the Irish party by *The Times*.

For permission to use these portraits we are indebted to the kindness of Sir James Hannen.

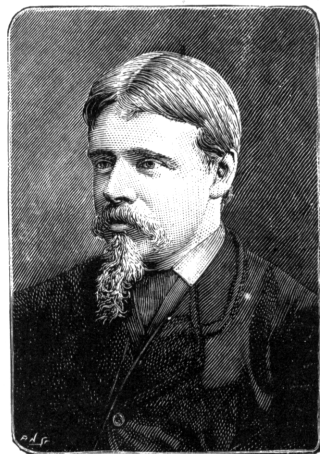


From a Painting]

AGE 16.

[by himself.

Leys, whom he assisted in painting several large pictures, he became a Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Amsterdam. At the age of our third portrait, he received letters of denization from the Queen of England, having resolved to settle permanently in this country. Three years later he was



AGE 37.

From a Photo. by Fradette & Marshall.

elected A.R.A., and in 1879 R.A. He has been twice married; his present wife, the youngest daughter of Dr. Epps, whose cocoa is of world-wide fame, being herself an accomplished artist, and a regular contributor to the Royal Academy and other leading exhibitions.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 27.

[J. Dupont, Auvers.

L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

BORN 1836.



R. LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA was born at Dronryp, in Friesland, and at sixteen was studying art at the Royal Academy of Antwerp, where he painted the portrait of himself which forms the first of our series. At twenty-seven, after placing himself with Baron



From a Photo.]

PRESENT DAY.

[by W. H. Grove.

CATISSOU

FROM THE
TRENCH OF

Jules CLARETIE



HE corporal sat astride a cane-bottomed chair in front of the gendarme quarters at Pierrebuffière and smoked his pipe ; slowly the smoke curled upwards in regular lines, forming circles which gradually expanded, quivered, and finally vanished in the warm air of this July evening.

Martial Tharaud had seen many similar circles of smoke act in just the same way above the cannon's mouth.

He was now taking life easily in his little garden, the head of a family, with a corporal's stripes on his sleeve, and wished for nothing better—not even to become sergeant, because then he would probably have to go to Eymoutiers, Saint-Léonard, or Limoges. He was fond of his little corner at Pierrebuffière, fond of those roses which he had grafted himself, and fond of that creeping plant which ran along the white walls of the house and hung in wreaths around the tin tricolour flag suspended over the door.

As the corporal smoked he watched some boys who, at a short distance from him,

were playing upon a hillock at the game of *pique-romme*, in which they threw long pointed pieces of iron into the ground, as though throwing at a target. Occasionally he cried warningly to them : "Take care, there, youngsters ; mind you don't run them into your feet !"

Then he turned round and looked over his shoulder through the open window at a pretty, dark-complexioned woman, still young, who was bustling about the kitchen where the pots and pans shone like silver ; he smiled at her and said as he puffed away : "They are having a game, the little rascals !"

Then the woman, with bare arms—nice white arms, half covered with flour—came to the window-sill, put her jolly, energetic-looking face (red with the heat of the stove) out of the window and looked towards the boys, who were excitedly throwing their pieces of iron at the mark.

"Go along ! there's no danger ! Besides, it makes them skilful and brave !"

"And gives them an appetite for your *clafoutis*, Catissou !"

The *clafoutis*—a Limousin dish as solid

as the thick cabbage soup of the country districts—was already baking in the oven, with its black cherries stuck in the flour like bricks in mortar.

"Is the *clafoutis* cooking all right?" asked the corporal.

And Catissou shrugged her shoulders as if to say: "Are you foolish? Is your housekeeper in the habit of neglecting her pastry?"

II.

"A good woman," said Martial Tharaud to us a moment afterwards as we passed him with a nod.

He was in the humour for a gossip.

"Yes, yes" (he became loquacious when speaking of Catissou), "she's a good woman; and a sturdy woman, too. To see her make the kettle boil and wash the children—we have three, all boys; see them over there?—nobody would believe she had been on show at the fairs! And yet it's true enough! Oh, it's quite a story! I'll tell you all about it.

"It is about ten years ago—I had just left the chasseurs and entered the gendarmerie at Limoges, and that suited me, because I belong to that part. The adjutant told us one morning that there was a splendid capture to be made. A worthy old man named Coussac, a foreman builder, had been murdered in his own house at Montmailler, and there was no clue to the identity of the assassin. That was in September. We had to search the highways and byways; and the adjutant, M. Boudet (he's captain now), told the sergeant, the corporals, and the men to redouble their vigilance and keep their eyes open; and if we met any suspicious-looking persons under the chestnut trees or along the highroads we were to seize them without hesitation and haul them up before the authorities.

"Information had been sent all over the district, and also to Châteauneuf, Ambazac, everywhere, even to

Bellac. In a word, the whole department was on the alert.

"Now, it's all very fine to tell you to arrest all suspicious-looking individuals, but you must not always judge by appearances. There are many worthy people who have very evil-looking faces. Why, I knew a man whose looks would have brought him to the guillotine or the galleys; yet he was a man who might have taken a prize for upright conduct! It's true enough! He gave away all he had to the poor—a perfect saint, my word on it! And there are others who look like saints, but who ought to have the handcuffs put on at once.

"Still, we were told to arrest them; and so we did. We ran in some of those natives of Lorraine who come to Sauviat and Saint-Yrieix to buy china-ware, you know; we took up hawkers, old men, yellow-looking beggars—as yellow as their bags; and we even ran in some silly people who were roaming about without any knowledge of the place. But not one of them was capable



'WE TOOK UP HAWKERS.'

of giving that fillip to old Coussac. So the time went on, and we could not lay hands on the Montmailler murderer.

"And it wasn't an easy thing at all to find out who had killed the old foreman builder. We had scarcely any clue, and we did not know how to set to work.

"Well! one day I was at the gendarme quarters, about to curry-comb my horse, when a handsome young woman, with eyes like sloes and lips as red as cherries, came up to me and said: 'Well! have you any news of the murderer after all this time? I am the daughter of Léonard Coussac!'"

"It made me start when I heard that, I tell you! She spoke so energetically, and her eyes flashed so angrily, that I felt as though I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having taken a grip of the collar of that scoundrel who had killed the young woman's father. Then I tried to clear myself by explaining that it was not exactly our fault, that we had very little information about the murderer, and so on; but she looked at me straight in the eyes in such a manner that I felt I was making a mess of it.

"Now, look here, miss,' I said suddenly, stopping in the midst of my excuses. 'I would willingly risk an arm or a leg, if necessary, to catch that scoundrel!' And I meant it, too. And it wasn't exactly what you call—er—professional duty which made me say it. It was those confounded black eyes which seemed all on fire. 'But, you see, we want a clue!'"

"A clue?' Then she shrugged her shoulders. 'What about the hand?' she asked. 'Isn't that a clue?'"

"The hand? What hand?"

"Then Catherine Coussac—her name was Catherine, *Catissou* in our country dialect—told me the story of the crime,

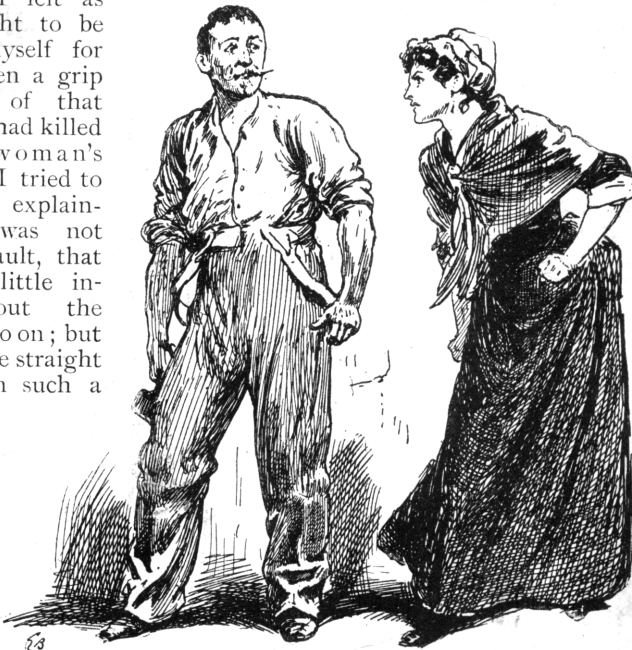
a story which, I confess, made my blood run cold.

III.

"It was one September evening when poor old Coussac was killed, and it was as warm as a summer day. In his house he had the money which Mr. Sabourdy, the contractor he worked for, had left with him before starting for Guéret. He had about ten thousand francs besides that, for he had to pay the men and meet two bills which would be due in two or three days. It was Saturday. After he had paid the men, the foreman builder returned home, pleased, and with a good appetite. He ate his

cabbage soup and some dumpings, and after the meal his mother went upstairs to rest on the bed, as she was rather tired, while old Coussac and his daughter Catissou remained in the downstairs room, sitting near the chest where the money was. He was reading the *Almanach Limousin* which had just come out, and she was knitting a woollen stocking.

"You must understand that Coussac's rooms were at the back



"WHAT ABOUT THE HAND?" SHE ASKED.

of the house, overlooking the garden. The one on the ground floor, in which Coussac and his daughter were then sitting, had a window about five feet from the ground, with inside shutters which were usually closed in the evening; but that evening the window had been left slightly open, because the old man felt rather warm. He was reading by the light of a shaded lamp, and Catissou heard him turn over the pages of the *Almanach* at regular intervals. She has often told me that, as she was working away mechanically, the tick-tick of the clock, and the rustle of



"THE HAND."

towards Coussac, and shook him by the sleeve, pointing to the terrible hand at the window. But, at the very moment when old Coussac turned and perceived the hand, the shutter was pushed violently back and the window opened very quickly, which caused the door of the room to open, admitting a draught of air which blew out the lamp and left Catherine and

the paper as the leaves were regularly turned over, made her feel drowsy.

"Suddenly she lifted her head from her work with a yawn to see if it wasn't time to go to bed, and she saw—she thought at first that she was mistaken or dreaming—she saw between the shutters a hand, a big hand, a thick, wide hand with something terrifying about it, something which Catissou noticed at once—the four fingers were almost as thick as the thumb, and were all the same size, and all as long as one another, just as if they had been cut off at a certain point. But they had not been cut off, for they had nails; only they all finished in a line. This frightful hand, with the spatulated fingers—that's what Dr. Boutsilloux called them—glided along the shutters like a great spider, and it was evidently trying to push back the shutters without making a noise; it remained there almost motionless as Catissou looked up, as though the man to whom it belonged guessed that she was looking at it.

"For a moment Catherine thought that her eyes had been affected by the light of the lamp, causing her to see black and red spots as you do when you look at the sun. She opened them wide, and saw the hand gliding over the woodwork nearer and nearer. Catissou could no longer doubt the reality of what she saw, and tried to cry out; but she seemed choked, as if the hand were strangling her, and she could not utter a sound.

"She jumped up, stretched her arm out

her father in the dark.

"Then there was the noise of a heavy body jumping into the room, and Coussac endeavoured to find a knife in the drawer of the table on which he was reading—a knife to defend himself, and, above all, Catissou and Mr. Sabourdy's money; but, before he could open the drawer, he was seized by the throat, and felt something cold enter his body under the neck near the heart. Catissou could see nothing, but she guessed what was taking place, and she uttered a scream. Bang! A blow from a fist like a hammer on her head, and she fell senseless. The man must have had cat's eyes; he could see everything, and took good aim. If Catissou was not killed by the knife, it was because it had broken off short; still the fist was enough for the man's purpose in her case.

"How long the poor girl remained insensible, she could not say; but when she came to herself she was still in the lower room, and her grandmother in her night-dress, with a face as white as a sheet, was trying to restore poor old Léonard, who was dying.

"Of course you can guess that the chest had been broken open, and the thousand-franc notes stolen.

"What an awful night that was! It will be many a long day before it is forgotten in the Montmailler suburb. The neighbours were called up, the garden was searched, a guard put round the houses and the houses searched from top to bottom. They found

the imprints of iron-tipped boots in the flower-beds; instructions were given that these marks should not be touched, and the size was carefully measured. Every place round about was searched, but to no purpose. And, in the meantime, Coussac was dying, and his mother, half crazy with grief and rage, was saying what she would do if she only got hold of the assassin.

"As for Catherine, who was half mad too, the sight of that terrible hand, with the four fingers of the same length, gliding over the oaken shutter like a field-spider or a crab-fish, was continually before her eyes.

"You can guess that everything that could be done was done to find the wretch who had sent the worthy man to 'Louyat,' that's what they call the cemetery at Limoges; the parson told me that the name comes from 'Alleluia.' Yes, everything possible was done, but I say again there was no clue! Of course, there was the hand, as Catissou told me at the barracks; but nobody knew a man with a hand like that in the whole of that part of the country—he would soon have been noticed. They questioned the men who worked with old Coussac, one after another. No, they did not know anyone with such a fist; and you could not suspect any of them. They were all decent fellows; they liked to wet their whistles a bit, but that isn't a crime. Besides, none of them knew that Mr. Sabourdy had left other money than the wages with Coussac. Who, then, could the rascal be who had such a hand as Catissou had seen?

"One day a journeyman butcher came and told us that he well remembered one day having a quarrel with a big, evil-looking fellow, who had pulled out a knife; and the butcher had noticed, as he had pulled out this Nontron knife from his pocket, that this fellow had a very peculiar hand, a big, hairy hand with all the fingers of the same size! Now, the knife that had killed Léonard Coussac was a Nontron knife. But the butcher knew nothing about this man and nobody else had seen the fellow at Limoges, so we could only believe that the butcher was humbugging us. And still the hunt went on, but it was no good; and I was in a rare state about it, I was, for I had said to Catissou, looking her full in the face: 'Come, Miss Catissou, answer me plainly; what would you give to the one who brought your father's murderer to you with a rope round his neck?'

and she had not answered in words, but had become quite pale, and you should have seen her eyes, her beautiful black eyes! They were full of tears, and they promised—something!

"Still, even that could not help me to find the wretch.

"At last, seeing that not one of the 12th, from the colonel to the last gendarme, could put his hand upon the fellow, Catherine said: 'Very well; if you can't find him, I will!'

"She left her situation as dressmaker, and asked the police authorities for permission to take part in the fairs. That surprised us all; but it surprised me especially, when in every place where there was any entertainment on, we saw a large canvas poster with a portrait of Catherine Coussac, dressed in



"WE SAW A LARGE CANVAS POSTER."

pink tights, with a red velvet jacket, short shirt, and copper fish-scales; and above this picture were the words, in big letters, *Woman Torpedo Fish*.

"What a name! It was quite strange enough for Catherine to mix up with mountebanks at all—although they are as good as other people, ay, and even better than a good many other people we meet. Still, it was surprising enough for her to become a strolling player, or such like; but *Woman Torpedo Fish*, that beat all! Of course you know that the torpedo is a fish which gives you an electric shock if you touch it—a fish which seems to have an electric machine in its body. Well, by some electrical arrangement, when you touched Catherine Coussac's hand you received an electric shock."

"It was not necessary for me to *touch* her to be electrified; I only had to *look* at her. Look at her now; she is twenty-eight and a little stouter, but she's still pretty. Well, ten years ago, when she used to wear that lace cap on her black hair—that lace cap which the silly women have thrown aside for hats like the ladies wear—well, very few people who passed her went on their way without looking back at her! Such a figure she had! and such a complexion! There were some handsome girls in Limoges, but Catherine was the handsomest, though I say it as shouldn't.

"Didn't she draw the people to the booth! She didn't want a big band like the Corvi Circus, nor a lot of gag like the troupe which plays the *Tour de Nesle*. Not a bit of it; she just showed herself; people said, 'I say, that's a pretty girl!' and they went in.

IV.

"ONE day, at Magnac Laval—it was Shrove Tuesday—I went in with the other people to see the *Woman Torpedo Fish*. There she was on a little stage, and old Mrs. Coussac, Léonard's mother, sat below, squatting like a witch, and frowning at everyone who came in, as though she would like to throw a spell upon them. Since the murder of her son, she had become sullen, and she scarcely said anything but 'So they won't take him to the guillotine, the rascal who killed my son!'

"I stepped forward. Catherine recognised me, and, as I stopped in front of her, and thought how well the costume suited her, she smiled, and said to me in a significant tone: 'Oh, it is you; but it isn't

your hand I am looking for.' And her black eyes blazed again, with a look of madness almost.

"Then I understood what the brave girl was doing. Then I knew why she was going all over the country, disguised as a mountebank. The recollection of that frightful hand was always present, and she held out her own white little hand—as soft as satin, but as strong as a vice—to everyone, hoping in this way to recognise the hand with the fingers all of the same size.

"That was her own idea! That was the only clue, but it would be sufficient for her, she thought. It was not an easy task to find that fellow—almost as bad as looking for a needle in a haystack. And yet there is always a chance that a murderer will come and prow! round the scene of his crime. Blood seems to attract like a magnet, that's what I think. Of course, the man had fled from Limoges after the crime, and might still be far away, but he would come back and have a look at Montmailler at some time or other; so the *Woman Torpedo Fish* had the chances in her favour that she would see him again and recognise that hand—that hand which seemed to haunt her to such an extent that she has told me that she often dreamt it was round her neck, strangling her.

"In this way Catherine went about from place to place with old Mrs. Coussac. The electric woman's van went wherever it could, drawn by an old horse which had served in the gendarmerie. From fair to fair they dragged along, the mother and the daughter, and they must have covered miles enough to make a journey round the world. They saw Auvergne, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Tours, and right on to Orléans—and a good many other places, too, in the south. But it was in the department of Haute-Vienne that they felt most confident of success. They said to each other: 'That is where he did it, and that is where he will be taken!' A superstitious idea, perhaps, but you can't help such things.

"Women soon get at the bottom of things, I tell you. They are as artful as can be.

"Well, one day—I remember it as if it was yesterday, it was the 22nd of May and a Tuesday also—the booths were making no end of a row upon the Place Royale—Place de la République. There were roundabouts, waxworks, athletic sports, performing monkey, Pezon's menagerie, everything

you could think of, including, of course, the *Woman Torpedo Fish*.

"Catherine, fresh as a daisy, walked about on the platform outside, pointing to the picture of herself and crying out: 'Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Just about to begin!' while poor old Widow Coussac, looking a hundred years old, as yellow as a guinea, as thin as a rake, and coughing in a way that made your heart ache, glared around at the people.

"Walk up, walk up, walk up!"

"I walked up like the other people, except that, as I went in, I said 'Good morning, miss,' to Catissou.

"Good morning, gendarme," she answered.

"She knew my name perfectly well, but she only gave me my title. It seemed to me that it was as good as saying: 'Although you are a gendarme, you don't know how to nab people who murder poor old men, do you?' and, besides, she had a right to call me 'gendarme,' because I was in uniform.

"Well, there I was inside. There were about twenty persons in the booth, men and women; and while Catissou smiled at them, old Mrs. Coussac, squatting in a corner, glared at them as usual.

"I can see it all now, just as if I was there. Catissou, standing on the stage with a red curtain for the background, with spangles in her hair, a rose in her breast, and, as a contrast to all this red, a pair of plump, white arms, and pretty shoulders, and a head—well, a head pretty enough to turn the heads of all the men who saw her. The sun shone through the canvas upon Catissou, making the imitation fish-scales, which she had sewn upon her garments, shine like diamonds.

"There she was, explaining to the audience what sort of a thing this electric fish is, where it lives, how the Arabs call it 'Thunder,' and what a shock it gives you, as if you had been struck by lightning; and how—but there, it's all done with now, and very likely Catissou herself has forgotten it, although she has said it so many times. But she had it at her fingers' ends at that time, and said it right off as pat as a lawyer; and the audience sat with their mouths wide open taking it all in, and devouring Catissou with their eyes, which proves that they had good taste.

"After that, she held out her hand as usual, and said to them: 'Walk up and shake hands and feel the electric shock! Don't be afraid; it won't hurt you!' All

hands were held out to touch Catissou's dainty little hand; some laughed at the sensation, others shook their hands and looked rather angry.

"I sat there, looking on and feeling just a little jealous at all those people mauling Catherine's pretty hand, when all at once I saw her go as pale as death, and spring upon one of the hands like a dog at a piece of meat.

"Right in front of her stood a tall, herculean fellow, with curly red hair showing under a fur cap. He wore a starched blue blouse over a countryman's jacket, and had wide, square shoulders, a protruding lower jaw—I was looking at him sideways—and temples that hid his eyes from anyone looking at him from my position. No beard, only a few hairs visible on his white, dull face. An evil-looking face it was. Catissou was looking him straight in the face, and holding his hand—it seemed enormous in her small, woman's hand—in a frenzied grasp, as if her life depended upon it.

"A shiver passed through me, and I said to myself: 'That's the man!'

"Yes, she held him; held him with all her might. And she said to the great fellow, who had suddenly turned as pale as she had:

"Who killed Léonard Coussac?"

"He started back and tried to free his hand from the grasp of the *Woman Torpedo Fish*. Ah! Catissou didn't require any electrical arrangement to give that man a shock! He drew back his hand without being able to get it out of Catharine's grasp. 'Let me go, will you!' he said, trying to push her away. 'Are you mad?' He turned his head this way and that way, his eyes, wild with rage and fear, looking for a way of escape.

"'Wretch!' cried Catissou, sinking her fingers in his flesh as she tried to tighten her grasp, 'it was *you* who did it—you! *you!* you!'

"She shook him as a dog does a rat, and he was so stupefied he did not know what to do. But he soon recovered himself. He got his hand free from Catherine's fingers and dealt her a blow with it on the shoulder, which made her sink on her knees; then he turned towards the door like a wild boar.

"The audience was scared and made a rush for the door. The man made a bound, pushing the people before him, when I, by a quick movement, placed myself in front



"WHO KILLED LEONARD COUSSAC?"

of him. He was a head taller than I was, and an evil look appeared on his face as I lifted my arm and seized him by the blouse.

"I arrest you in the name of the law!"

"His reply was a blow, which would have sent me rolling, perhaps, if I had not been rendered strong by the presence of Catherine. As it was, I took very little notice of it, and held him tight, struggling with him and dragging him about. I wouldn't loose him, you would have had to cut my hand off first. And all the time he was trying to stun me or break my skull by hitting me about the head. All at once—whizz—a knife sank into my flesh just below the neck, in the very same place as old Coussac had been struck. I have the scar now. Seems to have been the usual place for the rascal to strike!"

"He reckoned on killing me, but the collar of my uniform stopped the blow a bit and the blade of the knife—a Nontron knife, with a yellow handle—cut the collar clean through and gave me a nick in the flesh, that's all.

"I gripped the wrist of the hand that held the knife and held it above my head. If it came down again, it would be all up with me—*me*, a gendarme! So the knife

was in the air over my head like the sword of Damo—what do you call him, Damocles?—yes, Damocles; and round the handle of the knife were the four fingers, all the same size, which had enabled Catherine Coussac to recognise the murderer of her father.

"I suppose the struggle did last some little time, but it seemed much longer to me. The blood was running from my wound, and I felt I was losing strength. I must leave go of the arm, and the knife would—. I made an effort; then, just in the nick of time, the good-for-nothing rascal gave a yell—such a yell it was! He gave a jump and started backwards as if to free himself from something, and he stepped backwards so quickly that he fell over something

on to the ground, dragging me with him. He had fallen over old Mrs. Coussac, who had actually bitten him in the leg as the best way to make him leave go of me.

"We struggled about on the floor, but not for long. Catherine was up and helped me by getting the knife away from him, and I fastened my right hand on his throat and nearly strangled him. Then up came Sergeant Bugead and a comrade, attracted by the noise, and we soon had the handcuffs on the fellow, and they took him off through the crowd, who, now that he was unable to do anything, became very brave and wanted to lynch him.

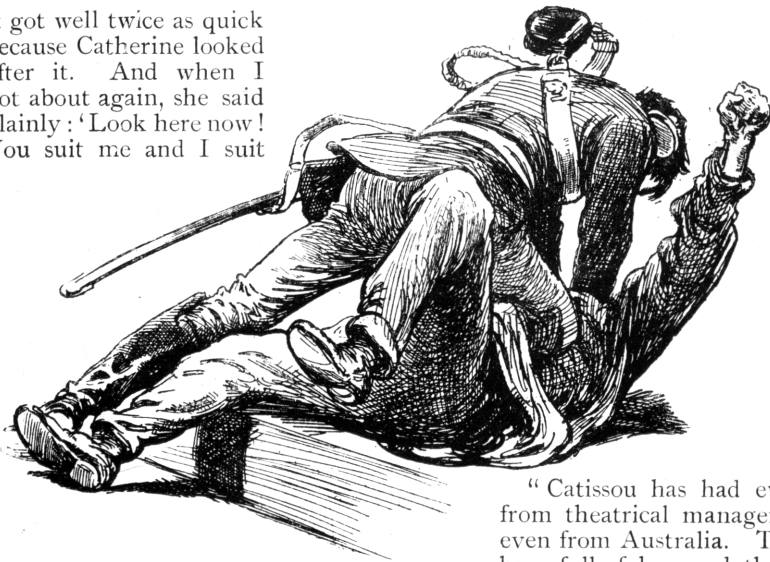
"It was about time that help came, for I was done up. I felt myself going, and I fainted from loss of blood—fainted! Wasn't it silly for a gendarme to faint?"

"And as I went off I had a feeling that I was being supported by a pair of white arms, and above me I fancied I could see, not the Nontron knife, but Catherine's eyes, looking tenderly at me.

V.

"WELL, that's how a good marriage was brought about. My wound got well, of course, or you wouldn't see me here; but

it got well twice as quick because Catherine looked after it. And when I got about again, she said plainly: 'Look here now! You suit me and I suit



"WE STRUGGLED ABOUT ON THE FLOOR."

you. I swear I'll be a good wife to you! Catherine's marriage was the last pleasure old Mrs. Coussac enjoyed, poor old woman! No! I make a mistake; her last piece of happiness was hearing that sentence had been passed on the murderer of Léonard Coussac.

"He turned out to be a bricklayer's labourer who had applied to Mr. Sabourdy for work, and had overheard about the money being entrusted to old Coussac. His greed had been excited, and he had committed the murder. He had done it quite alone; no accomplice. After the murder he had gone to Paris, then come back to Guéret, and then to Limoges; all the money gone and on the look-out for work. And he evidently wasn't particular what sort of work, either! He hardly took the trouble to defend himself at the trial. He seemed to say: 'You've got me. So much the worse for me!' He was condemned to death. He tried to cheat the executioner by knocking his head against the wall of his cell. But he didn't succeed, and the executioner had him after all.

"At the trial the judge complimented me. I don't say that for the sake of boasting, but

because it's true. But I had no need of his compliments, nor of anything else. I had got Catissou, and that was enough for me. However, on the wedding-day, my captain's wedding gift was a corporal's stripes; and I tell you I was pleased at that. And since then—well, if you want to see a happy man, look at me!

"Catissou has had ever so many offers from theatrical managers to go on show—even from Australia. The newspapers had been full of her, and that made the managers eager to get her. But Catissou only laughed at it. She's got something else to do now. She has to wash the children, pipeclay my epaulettes, look after the poultry, and superintend the house—and she does superintend the house, too, and the corporal as well!

"No, no! Catissou is not an artiste. But if there should ever be a crime committed in these parts, and they can't find the man who did it, I wouldn't mind backing Catissou against all the detectives they like to employ!"

VI.

THE corporal knocked out the ashes of his pipe on his left thumb-nail, and was about to fill up again, when Catherine Tharaud came to the door, making a pretty picture surrounded by the creeping plant, with the rays of the setting sun falling upon her.

"Come along, Martial," she said, with a pleasant smile, "the *clafoutis* is ready, and the soup, too. Call the little ones."

Martial Tharaud arose, put his hands up to his mouth, and called out to the boys, who were still enjoying their game:

"Hallo, there! Come along, you littlerascals! Soup is ready!"

The boys ran up to him, and, as they all went inside, he took off his military cap and gaily saluted us.



Jack Middleton's Mother.

BY CHARLES S. CHELTNAM.

EC-HO! Special edition!"
"Yer yar, sir! Take mine, sir! I see yer fust, sir!"
"No, sir; I was first, please, sir."

Two young ragamuffins, with seemingly not a pin's choice between them, were the speakers, and probably I should not have noticed either of them specially but for the occurrence of a momentary episode, in which they played very strongly contrasting parts.

In taking a halfpenny out of my pocket to pay for the paper which the more active of the two boys had thrust into my hand by the summary process of shouldering his competitor aside, I had, without being aware of the fact, let fall a shilling, which had rolled a yard or two away.

The boy who had served me with the paper had seen the coin fall, and scarcely stayed to take his halfpenny before darting after it; but the boy he had distanced by his bit of sharp practice had also seen the coin fall, and had picked it up by the time the other reached him. A moment later I came upon them, and overheard this significant scrap of dialogue:

"Yah! Yer ain't a-goin' ter be such a juggins as ter giv' it 'im back, are yer?"

"Yes, I am," said the other.

"Git out! Don't be a fool! Cop it now yer got it. He do' know as he's lost

it, an' nobody but me see yer pick it up. Look 'ere, you just gi' me 'arves, that's wot yer got ter do, if ye're goin' ter be one o' my pals; an' if yer ain't—well, don't yer come 'ere agin, tryin' ter sell no Ekkers, 'cos I won' let yer. So look out!"

Though as yet I was in the dark as to the meaning of all this, I had heard enough to satisfy me that the boy to whom these threats were addressed was being bullied by the other, a boy about twelve years of age, as well as I could guess, and not bigger than himself, but with a hardened look of the streets in his face—a horrible look when

one pauses to examine it and to think how it has come to be stamped upon the face of a boy but little past the years of his infancy, suggesting a doubt, indeed, whether he can ever have known such a time of life.

The second boy, equally tattered as he was as to clothing, I could see at a glance exhibited, distinctly, points of advantage over him. He was cleaner, both as to flesh and dress, and the stamp or stain of precocious experience was not recog-

nisable in his face. It also occurred to my mind that the few words I had heard him speak were better spoken, and, in themselves, more correct than those which had issued from the other's lips.

My observation of the two boys, which was only that of a moment, was cut short by the one who had picked up my shilling raising his eyes and seeing me. Without



"YOU JUST GI ME ARVES."

the least sign of hesitancy, he held out the coin to me, saying :

"Please, sir, you dropped this."

The other boy turned away in angry disgust.

"Did I?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, when you took out the ha'penny to pay the other boy."

Here I must make a remark which is personal to myself—enunciate a principle, while confessing that I have not always commanded sufficient firmness of mind, or rigidity of moral purpose, to put it into execution. I hold honesty to be a normal condition, and so, rarely if ever to be dealt with as if it were exceptional and extraordinary. The custom of rewarding poor people for doing something which all persons, whether rich or poor, are under primary obligation to do, has always appeared to me calculated to do harm to character, to confound simple moral obligation with virtue, never attainable except by effort, and mostly by sacrifice.

My first impulse was to say to this honest lad, "You are a good boy, keep the shilling"; but the thought crossed my mind, that the good which this small sum might do him might be a hundred times weighed down by the evil done to him, by linking, in his young mind, the idea of honesty with that of reward.

I closely watched his face as I took the piece of money from his hand; I could not detect in it the slightest expression of disappointment or regret. The fact struck me, I admit. I knew nothing about this poor boy, or of his companionships, more than I had just seen; there would have been nothing surprising, then—nothing, indeed, more than I might have expected to see—if he had parted with this shilling with some small show of reluctance. But he did nothing of the sort—evidently looked for no return beyond the thanks I gave him.

He was turning quietly away, to sell his papers if he could, but I delayed him.

"How long have you been at this trade?"

The blood, I remarked, rushed into his face, and the next moment deserted it; and he half stammered as he answered:

"Only a few weeks, sir."

"Can you make a living out of it?" I inquired, not insensible to the grim irony of asking a small boy of twelve years old whether he could "make a living" out of anything in the nature of work.

"Some days, sir," he replied.

"When there happens to be something

exciting in the paper—a shocking murder, or a big burglary?"

"If—yes, sir," he stammered. And again I noticed the ebb and flow of blood in his cheeks, but without paying any special heed to the fact.

"Have you tried your hand at anything else?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Not as an errand-boy?"

"No, sir. I'm not strong enough for most places of that sort, sir—and they don't give wages enough, even if I were to get taken on on trial."

"Ah! your parents are very poor, then?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, with marked hesitation.

I had no particular object in thus catechising the poor boy in this way, but there was something in his manner which drew me on—his flushing and now this hesitancy. My interest in him was, almost unconsciously to myself, being aroused.

"If a good boy's place were offered you, have you got a character to give?" I asked.

For a moment he paused, and when he answered his eyes were downcast, his face white, and there were tears in his voice as he said, almost in a whisper:

"No, sir."

"Had one and lost it, do you mean?" I said.

"No, sir."

"You have never been in trouble—never done anything wrong?"

"No, sir—never."

Tears burst from his eyes, which were soon made red and swollen by the application of his knuckles. He was a good boy and a frank-minded boy—of that I felt quite sure; but I felt equally certain that he had a secret, and that he was withholding it from me. I had been examining him closely all the time I was speaking, and, little by little, the interest he had awakened within me had increased.

"Well, now—look here," I said, "I want a boy about your size and age to be in my chambers while I am out: have you a mother?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" he replied, almost eagerly.

"Then, as you have no character to give me, I'll see her."

"No, sir!—no! you can't see my mother, sir!" he cried, with unmistakable terror in his voice.

"Why not?" I asked, questioning him as closely with my eyes as with my lips.

"Please, sir," he sobbed, "I can't tell you."

I paused, for it was now plain to me that I was torturing this poor boy, even while my desire was to be of service to him.

"Very well," I said; "I'll not ask you any more questions. Think of what I have said to you, and if, after you have done that, you would like to say anything on the subject to me, I often pass this spot, and I

Here's a shilling for them. Take them to my chambers over yonder, and give them to the housekeeper for me." And I gave him my card.

On returning late at night, I found the pile of *Echos* encumbering my writing-table; and my talk with the boy of whom I had bought them returned fully, not to say importunately, to my mind before I could find release from it in sleep. One fact, in particular, kept returning to my mind—that, though I had spoken to the poor lad about his mother, I had not asked him anything about his father—had, in truth, not once thought of that individual, if there was such a person extant.

A week or ten days passed without my seeing my newspaper boy, though I had many times been by the spot which I supposed to be his beat, if that is the right word to use in that connection; but, one morning, on reaching my chambers, I found him there waiting to see me.

He was looking very pale and miserable, as if he had been ill—as if he were still ill, in fact—and I noticed that there were discoloured circles about his eyes. I asked what had been the matter with him, and he told me he had been laid up ever since I saw him last.

This was his story: Nearly as soon as I left him, a few minutes only after he had delivered the papers at my chambers, he was set upon by the boy who had wanted him to share with him the shilling he had seen me drop, and by this young brute and some others of his kidney had been hustled, savagely beaten, and plundered of all the money he had. His eyes were both

blackened, his head was cut and otherwise hurt, and he had hardly strength enough left to get from the Strand across Westminster Bridge to Stangate, where his mother lived. Then his mother had bound up his head as well as she could, and for two days he had been unconscious and delirious; and after that he was so weak as not to be able to go out of his mother's room; and at last, when he was strong enough to go out, he had no money to buy any papers, and—and—

"And then you thought of coming to see me?" I suggested.

"No, sir—it wasn't in that way, sir. When I told my mother how it was the



"PLEASE, SIR," HE SOBBED, "I CAN'T TELL YOU."

daresay you will recognise me—if you do not already know me by sight."

"Oh, yes, sir, I know you very well by sight, and thank you kindly, sir, for what you've said," he replied, still through his tears.

I was turning away, but suddenly remembered that, while I had been holding him in conversation, the brief time in which he could hope to sell his papers had been passing away from him.

"How many papers have you got left to sell?" I asked.

"Two dozen, sir," he answered, after rapidly counting them.

"All right!" I said; "I'll clear you out.

boys set upon me, I told her of what you said to me, and of your kind offer to give me a place, if—if——”

“If I were satisfied with your mother’s account of you ; I remember. Well—what did she say to that ?”

“Please, sir, it made her cry for days together, and nearly broke her heart.”

These words were simple enough, and, heaven knows, the boy’s way of speaking them was as simple as the words ; but they distressed me. A mystery—a tragic mystery, I divined—underlay them.

“Did your mother blame you for not letting me see her ?” I asked.

“Oh, no, sir ! She said I had done quite right in that. But all the time I was ill she thought about it ; and when I was able to get out, and she couldn’t give me any money to buy some papers with—even half a quire—she cried worse than ever, and at last she told me to come and tell you that, if you would kindly take the trouble to go so far as Stangate, she would gratefully see you.”

It seemed to me, as I listened, that this poor boy’s story might, as the saying is, “move a heart of stone ;” it moved mine—whence, if I needed the assurance, I think I might safely conclude that my heart is made of a more sensitive material.

“Go and fetch me a hansom,” I said, without debating the matter. There are things which it is better to do on the spur of the moment, and this, I instinctively felt, was one of that sort.

From the longitude of the Law Courts to that of Stangate is not a long journey in a hansom with a good horse in front of it. In a quarter of an hour I was talking with my little newspaper-boy’s mother.

The room into which I was conducted—it was a back room on the third floor, entered from a dirt-begrimed landing-place, lit by a window that had certainly not been cleaned for many years, and had two or three panes of broken glass in it—the room into which I was conducted was as poor in aspect as a dwelling-place of poverty could be ; but, bare as it was—a bed in probably the least draughty corner, a small deal table, two wooden chairs, and a box something like a middling-sized sea-chest, was all that met the eye in the shape of furniture and effects—it was kept with a manifest effort at cleanliness.

But, from the moment of entering it, I took very little heed of the room and its furniture ; my whole attention was given to

its mistress, who rose to receive me. As my eyes fell upon her worn and almost bloodless face, my heart felt as if seized and spasmodically pressed by a nervous hand.

Mrs. Middleton, worn by sorrow and lack of sufficient food, and with hair becoming prematurely grey, was, I could see, yet but little over thirty years of age. To my eyes, she was still a beautiful woman ; to eyes that had looked upon her face ten or a dozen years earlier, she must have appeared strikingly beautiful. There was a stamp of grace upon her bearing which neither bodily weakness nor poorness of attire could conceal. She was above rather than below the middle height. She wore a black gown of some material, frayed and threadbare, but to which—heaven knows how—she contrived to give an air of unstudied neatness. But it was her eyes—her large, soft, sad blue eyes (made larger by the paleness and thinness of her face) that riveted my gaze, in which I seemed to read the history of a beautiful woman’s wreck, before a word had been uttered by her white lips.

“It is very kind of you, sir, to take so much trouble on account of my poor boy,” she said, inviting me to be seated.

If I had had any doubt before, I could have none now. I was being addressed by a woman who had been reared in the midst of refinement, the spirit of which remained with her indelibly. She seated herself, after I had taken the chair she had offered me, and continued—

“My boy is a very good boy, or I do not think I should be speaking with you now.” She paused ; then, after a moment’s thought, said, “Jack, dear, go out and walk about for a few minutes ; I shall be better able to tell this gentleman what he wants to know about you.”

“Go and see whether there is anything startling in the newspaper bills—and bring me back a paper, if there is,” I said cheerfully, handing him a shilling. It was on the tip of my tongue to add, “and bring back something for you and your mother to eat ;” but a look at the beautiful pale face before me imposed, I knew not why, silence upon my lips.

As soon as we were alone, Mrs. Middleton—who had followed her boy out of the room with looks of almost anguished tenderness in her great, sad eyes, said :

“It was not in consequence of any instruction from me that my boy hesitated to accept your kind offer to befriend him, but from fear of giving me pain.”

I hastened to interrupt her. I was agitated. It seemed to me that I owed her an apology.

"I'm afraid I acted very thoughtlessly in all that," I stammered. "Pray forgive me, madam; I—had I need say it?—no idea—"

She started. A shiver ran through her enfeebled frame, and on the breath of an irrepressible sob she cried :

"Oh, sir ! for pity's sake do not speak to me like that !"

She had fallen into a passionate fit of weeping, and I could find no words to soothe her. For a moment, I wished myself anywhere away from that wretched lodging in Stangate ; but I was fascinated, held by the unseizable bonds of an unmasterable sympathy.

"Pray forgive me, sir ; I am in a highly nervous condition, and unable at moments to put a proper restraint upon my feelings," she said, as soon as she had recovered a certain degree of calmness.

"I have gone through great troubles—have great troubles still before me, in which my poor boy has had, and must still have, his share. For your kindness of intention towards him, no gratitude can be greater than ours ; but, for that reason, I wish you to know who and what are the persons you are willing to benefit."

She dried her eyes, and her resolution seemed to take courage as she spoke :

"You already know—a word which you have spoken has told me—that I and my boy have known better days ; before you think further of befriending

us, it is right that you should know why you find us in the state in which you now see us : it is right, on every account, that you should be thoroughly informed how our present misery has come upon us, and what it really is. My boy is the son of a convict, now undergoing penal servitude at Dartmoor ; he knows this, God help him ! and it is this which he had not the courage to tell you, when you asked him what reference as to character he could give you."

I was startled by this wholly unlooked-for revelation, and I was conscious of being quite unable to conceal from her the painful surprise it had caused me.

"That my poor boy has no share in his father's guilt I need not say," she went on ; "but the world, in its wisdom, or in its heedlessness of strict right, includes him in his father's punishment by branding him with the stigma of 'convict's son,' so warning all men to be specially on their guard

against trusting him. That it should be so is unjust, cruel ; but the unhappy ones on whom this injustice falls only add a misery the more to their load by denunciations that can bring them no remedy."

I confess—to my shame, perhaps—that in my agitation I did not know what reply to make to what she had said ; not that I for an instant disagreed with her view of the hardship of her son's case.

"Oh, sir !" she continued, "if I could tell you the whole story, you

would see that the position of my poor boy is a specially hard one. When he was born, the life before him was as fair and promising as



"FOR PITY'S SAKE DO NOT SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT !"

that of any child could be. I was married at twenty, out of a family not rich but abundantly well-to-do, to a man of my own sphere—a man well educated, and with talents, as a painter, that might have secured to him a name and ample means, a fortune even. Ours was a love match, we thought; and I, at least, was happy for the first two years of our wedded life. Then there came a change in him; he made fresh acquaintances, out of his own circle, and, step by step, wandered away into what is called the world of pleasure. He ceased to paint, he took to drink, he passed most of his time away from home, he squandered my little fortune in dissipation, and, next, he reduced me and my child to homelessness."

She told me all this without a taint of bitterness in her voice, only a heavy sadness, as of a misfortune that must be borne with patience, because it is irremediable.

"Then," she continued, "there followed a time when I saw him only at lengthened intervals. How he lived I knew not; I and my boy would have starved but for the money I raised on the few rings and trinkets I had saved out of the home-wreck. My parents would have taken me back to them, but only on condition that I sought a divorce from my husband; and, for the good of my boy, I thought, I decisively refused to accept that condition. Oh, that I could have foreseen!"

Here a flood of tears choked her utterance for a minute or more, and I debated with myself whether I was not acting a cruel part by suffering her to put herself to this pain; but I was deeply—much more deeply than I could at the moment account for—interested in the story of her trials, and could not bring myself to check her confidences.

"Could I have foreseen at that time, all the misery and shame that now weigh upon me and my poor boy would have been averted," she went on. "I have said I did not know how my husband lived. Perhaps, even disgraced as he was, he might have retrieved himself by returning to his profession as a painter; but he never made the least effort in that direction. Later, I learned that his sole means of subsistence were the precarious gains of an outside book-maker: and, later still—oh, my God!—what it was I then learned!—that he had become one of a daring gang of burglars; that he had been captured, convicted, sentenced to five years' penal servitude!"

"How long back was that?" I asked, hastily, for the horror of this scoundrel's return, with a ticket-of-leave, had flashed upon my mind.

"Three years ago," she replied; adding, "I know why you ask me that. Yes! a few months hence he may be released, and may claim me and his son. God forgive him if he does, for it will be my death, and the destruction of my poor boy!"

This suggestion of the horrors that might be hanging over these two misfortune-stricken beings filled me with mingled alarm and indignation; further mixed, I own, with a feeling of cowardice, which urged me to get away from its contemplation.

"How long have you contrived to live without assistance?" I asked, nervously and inconsequently.

She replied: "I have been able to get an engagement at one or other of the theatres on this side of the water for a few weeks at Christmas-time, as a *figurante* until last winter, when, to add to my trouble, I fell ill—too ill to encounter the fatigue. It was then that my boy first went into the dreadful streets, and helped to save his mother from starvation by selling newspapers. But he has told you of the peril, that life is beyond his powers; and so it is that, turning to your kind offer, I resolved to tell you the whole truth concerning him before allowing him to accept it."

I was about to say, "Let him come to me at once," when I heard sounds of hurrying footsteps upon the stairs. The room door flew open, and the poor boy, a newspaper in his hand, his face white as ashes, and his eyes seemingly starting from his head, rushed in, almost shrieking—

"Oh, mother! mother!"

"Jack, my darling! my darling! what is the matter?"

The agonised boy had thrown himself wildly at her knees, and, sobbing convulsively, buried his face in her lap.

"My Jack! my darling! don't cry so, but tell me what has happened to you," cried his mother, lovingly soothing him with hands and voice.

"My father! my father!" he sobbed.

"Oh, my God! you have not seen him?—it is not that?" she asked, in a fainting tone.

"Mother, dear mother, I can't tell you: it's in the newspaper!"

I snatched up the paper which had dropped from his trembling hand. My

eyes seemed drawn as by a magnet to an article made conspicuous by having three or four head-lines in large type: "Desperate attempt to escape from Dartmoor Prison," "Several warders badly wounded," "The prisoner killed."

Yes, there could be no doubt about it: the prisoner who had made so murderous an attempt to regain his forfeited liberty was Gilbert Middleton, the father of my newspaper-boy, the husband of the martyred woman now trembling before my eyes; and that, in defending themselves, the warders had inflicted injuries upon him that had caused his death.

With a terrified gesture Mrs. Middleton held out her hand for the paper, and, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I gave it up to her. A bare glance sufficed to assure her that she was a widow. Then, with incredible strength, she snatched up her boy, and enveloped him in her embraces, her uncontrollable sobs mingling with his.

I did not then pause to analyse, or in any way even to account for my feelings; but I was sensible, on leaving the mother and son to the privacy of their affection and sorrow, that I carried away with me a strange sort of satisfaction, both because Mrs. Middleton was for ever released from further contact

with a man who had filled her life so far with misery, and because I knew, as well as if her heart had been my own, that the hour of her girlish *désillusion* had struck early in the days of her wedded life, and that she had never for a moment loved him afterwards.

By the employment of a little diplomacy, I prevailed upon her to permit me to help her to live until the state of her health enabled her to find employment of some kind. Jack I at once took into my service, as I had at first proposed to do. By good fortune, I was, after a while, enabled to do something better still for both mother and son: by my persuasion, her father (now a widower), who had known but little of her sufferings during the years of their estrangement, welcomed her kindly back to the hearth of her childhood.

Two years have passed since then; the youthful roundness, if not all the girlish rose-hue, has returned to Mrs. Middleton's cheeks. I think she is the most beautiful woman I have ever looked upon; I am sure she is the best; and her Jack and I are as much to each other as any father and son can be; and some day, perhaps—

How strange—how solemn, it may be—such happiness would seem, in the memory of all that had gone before it!



Street Musicians.

BY GILBERT GUERDON.



MUSIC "hath charms to soothe," we admit, but not all music, and not at all times; and it is this modification of the soothing effects of music that our street minstrels, both vocal and instrumental, seem to be unable, or unwilling, to comprehend.

Yet the street minstrelsy of to-day is nothing like so outrageously annoying and worrying as it was twenty years ago. Occasionally only do we hear one of those wretched old barrel-organs which helped to drive Parliament to pass the Act of 1863. That enactment was intended to minimise, or, at least, to modify, the annoyance caused by the so-called music of the streets, and it has succeeded.

Speaking generally, there are two kinds of street musicians—the tolerable and the intolerable. Amongst the former, we may include the poor fiddler who tells us that when he is "on the job," he manages to scrape together a decent livelihood. After ten years he has become weather hardened, and his long-tailed frock coat serves for winter or summer, with the only variation of being buttoned or unbuttoned. He has his regular patrons, who look out for him about once a week. One old spinster, who lives in a suburban villa, is always "good for a bob" when he plays "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." Now and then you may hear the old girl warbling out the ballad with the window wide open, much to the amusement of the passers-by. A few doors off lives an old sea captain, whose grandson has always to dance a hornpipe when the fiddler comes round, and the old salt immediately sends out hot rum and water, whatever the time of year.

When the fiddler tries a new locality, he begins with, "The Heart Bowed Down," which scarcely ever fails to bring a sympathetic someone to the window. His average daily takings are from four to five shillings. In the autumn he plays himself down to

Margate, and gets a mouthful of fresh air, and plenty of "recognition."

It was an accident that made him take to the tin whistle, or the "American flageolet," as he calls it. Bad luck had compelled him to pawn his fiddle, and, till he could raise the money to get it out again, he had recourse to the cheapest instrument he could think of, and that was the penny tin whistle. He certainly does get some capital tone out of it, and, at a distance, it may be mistaken for the piccolo. He did not, however, make much of his playing till he had the whistle soldered on to a tin coffee-pot, in place of the spout. This took immensely, and the coffee-pot brought in more pence than the fiddle, sometimes as much as eight or nine shillings a day.

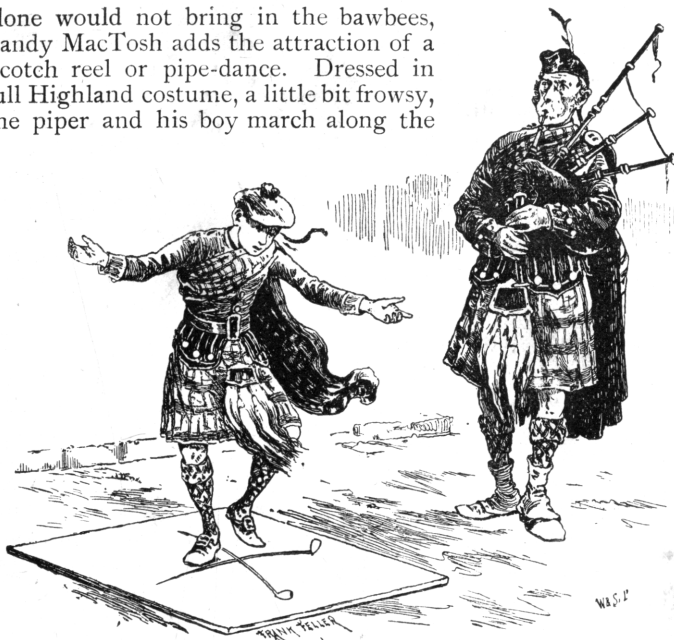
Another penny whistler is a blind man, who morning, noon, and night tootles out "The Last Rose of Summer," alternated with a doleful hymn tune. What little money the poor fellow gets is given more out of compassion for his affliction than for any pleasure that his music affords.

Conscious perhaps that his bag-pipes



"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

alone would not bring in the bawbees, Sandy MacTosh adds the attraction of a Scotch reel or pipe-dance. Dressed in full Highland costume, a little bit frowsy, the piper and his boy march along the



"KILLIM KALLAM."

quiet suburban roads, playing the pipes to attract attention, and stopping at a convenient spot to give the dance. He gets very little encouragement, however, except from his own country people; but he has found out their homes, and to them he pays regular visits. There is one real old Mac who invariably celebrates his birthday with a feast of haggis and shepherd's pie, and Sandy MacTosh always attends with his pipes to "play in" the haggis. What is a haggis without the accompaniment of a Highland skreel? As food and music, the pudding and the pipes match each other admirably, and by the time the feast is finished, and the Athol Brose has been tipped off, both Mac and the piper are equally ready to sing, "We are na fou'." But for the Highland families—the Lowlanders do not like the pipes—Sandy MacTosh and his tribe would starve. There are in London, perhaps, half a dozen other Highland bag-pipers and a few frauds:—

"These are Mile-enders,
Dressed up as Highlanders,
Shiv'ring in kilts."

For the "Killim Kallam" two long "church warden" pipes are used instead of the crossed swords. The dancing is just as difficult over the clays as over the clay-mores, and there is no danger of cutting the toes. Saturday night is the most profitable, then Monday, and Friday is the least. Pipers do not often get molested, except by tipsy men, who always want to dance; but Sandy then turns on the dreary-sounding drone and plays a doleful tune in extra slow time, so the drunken toper has to do an English instead of a Scotch reel.

The Italian tribe of street musicians may be dealt with as a group.

There are the bag-pipers, the children with the accordion and triangle, the organ-man and the monkey, and the hurdy-gurdy grinder, all of whom hail from the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, where there is an Italian colony. At the far



ITALIAN BAGPIPES.



"ACCORDION AND TRIANGLE."

end of Leather-lane, in Little Bath-street and Warner-street, they swarm, and there is quite the look and smell and noise of the back slums of an Italian city. The butchers' shops are stocked with the heads, trotters, and "innards" of bullocks, calves, sheep, and pigs, and there is the "Piggy-Wiggy pork-shop," and Italian barbers and cobblers. The Restaurant Italiano Milard is where many of the Italians spend their lazy day—which is Friday. There are also ice-cream makers, roast chestnut "merchants," and dealers in old clothes. Round the latter the Italian women congregate, and bargain for, and try on the gaudy-coloured garments—gowns, petticoats, and shawls, which must have been specially selected to suit the tastes of the Italians.

At the corner of Little Bath-street is the headquarters of the organ-grinders. There they congregate early in the morning before they start on their rounds, and distribute their monkeys, babies,

and dancing children. The premises belong to one of the principal makers of piano-organs in London, and the whole of the ground floor is arranged as a *dépôt*, where some hundreds of instruments are stored. Part of them may be hired, but most of them are owned by the people we see playing them in the streets. A small sum is charged for "shed room," and any alterations or repairs can be done on the premises. The proprietors are Italians, and are spoken of as very fair-dealing people. We found, on inquiry, that at least half of the owners of the piano-organs are English people, who have bought their instruments, paying £10 or £15 for them by instalments. The charge for hire is about 10s. per week. There is a choice of all the latest popular operatic and music-hall tunes, and generally all the tunes are changed every six months, though some tunes, like "The Lost Chord" and "The Village Blacksmith," are seldom taken off the barrels. A piano-organ, if taken care of and protected from the wet, will last ten or twelve years. A new tune, if not very florid, can be put in for 9s. or 10s.

The monkey organ-man with the old-fashioned discordant barrel-organ is an old stager—the original "organ-grinder." He looks out for the streets where straw is laid down, and begins to grind directly. An



"THE MONKEY ORGAN-MAN."

enraged *pater-familias*, who has just carefully tied up the knocker with a white kid glove, and muffled all the bells, calls out to the man, "Go away, do. Don't you see the straw?" The organ-grinder touches his hat, grins, sends the monkey to climb up the water-pipe, and begins another tune. Ultimately he gets locked up, and then coolly tells the magistrate that he did not go away because he thought the straw was put down so that the noise of the carts should not drown the music!

The Savoyard hurdy-gurdy player is almost extinct. The music is produced by the friction of a wheel on one or more strings, and the tone is regulated by pressure on keys. The men admit that they get more money for sitting as artists' models than from playing. The hurdy-gurdy is amongst stringed instruments what the bag-pipes are amongst the wind instruments, but yet no one ever hears them played together. Probably the players themselves could not stand the combined noise.

The Italians send out their wives with two babies—not always their own—and, when the children get big enough, they take the place of the almost obsolete monkey, and do the begging. Older Italian girls pick up a lot of money in the City, and their success has prompted several



"HURDY-GURDY."

English and Irish girls to imitate them by colouring their skins with walnut juice, and rigging themselves out in the Italian style. Many of these girls in earlier life danced round the piano-organs in the streets, and were paid to do so by the organ-grinders, as people who would give nothing for the music would give a penny to see the little ones dancing. Such a juvenile "*Bal al fresco*" makes a pretty picture, not thought unworthy of the walls of the Royal Academy.

Amongst the intolerable street musicians must certainly be placed the Indian tom-tom player. His instrument is a drum of a very primitive kind, made out of a section of the hollow trunk of a tree, over each end of which a skin is tightly stretched. It is about the size of an oyster barrel, and the noise is produced by beating it with the hands. There are but two tones—one from each end—and the mournful monotony of the



"OUT WITH THE BABIES."



"A 'BAL AL FRESCO.'"

music is only varied by a few notes of a tuneless song which the player now and then puts in. The servant girls are his principal patrons, and some years since



"TOM-TOM."

one of these tom-tomers completely captivated a young English cook-maid and married her.

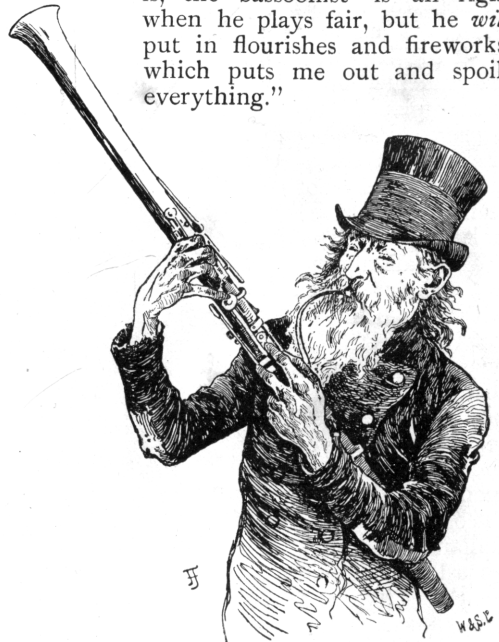
The bassoonist admits that he has seen better days, but he enjoys playing his awkward-looking instrument, and, when in the humour, plays it remarkably well. He was once in a military band, then in an

orchestra at a theatre, and now picks up a pretty penny by playing in the evening in the West-end squares. Hedon't care for permanent engagements, and prefers to be "on his own hook," though he occasionally chums up with another street musician—Old Blowhard, who plays the

cornet-à-piston. He only plays by ear, and can, therefore, only manage a few tunes, to which the bassoonist extemporises a telling bass. According to the bassoonist, "Blowhard is a rattling old boy when in a good humour, but he's awful short-tempered; and often when in the middle of a duet—especially in 'All's Well'—he'll stop blowing, call me nasty names, and step it. But he soon comes round again, and soaps me over by playing very feelingly—

'I love new friends, but still give me
The dear, dear friends of old.'

According to Blowhard, "Pumper"—that is, the bassoonist—is all right when he plays fair, but he *will* put in flourishes and fireworks, which puts me out and spoils everything."



"THE BASSOONIST."



"OLD BLOWHARD."

Perhaps the oldest and least objectionable of the street musicians is the campanologist, or, as he styles himself, "The Royal Bell-Ringer." He makes a pitch in a quiet street or alley, and rigs up his ten bells on a tightened wire. With a short stick in each hand, he strikes his bells, and produces some pleasing melodies: the general favourites are "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Blue Bells of Scotland"; and he generally concludes with a wedding peal.

Scarcely anyone can object to the performer on the musical glasses. His "instrument" is simple enough, consisting,



MUSICAL GLASSES.



"THE ROYAL BELL-RINGER."

as it does, of glass tumblers sufficient in number to represent about two octaves of notes. They are arranged on a light table in two rows, like a harmonicon. The pitch of the notes is regulated by the quantity of water put into each tumbler. One glass is reserved for lemon-juice and water, into which the performer now and then dips his fingers. The sound is produced by rubbing the wet fingers on the

rim of the glasses, and some very pleasing music is the result. According to your nationality you can have "Home, Sweet Home," "Ye Banks and Braes," "My Name's Edward Morgan," or "The Banks of Allan Water."

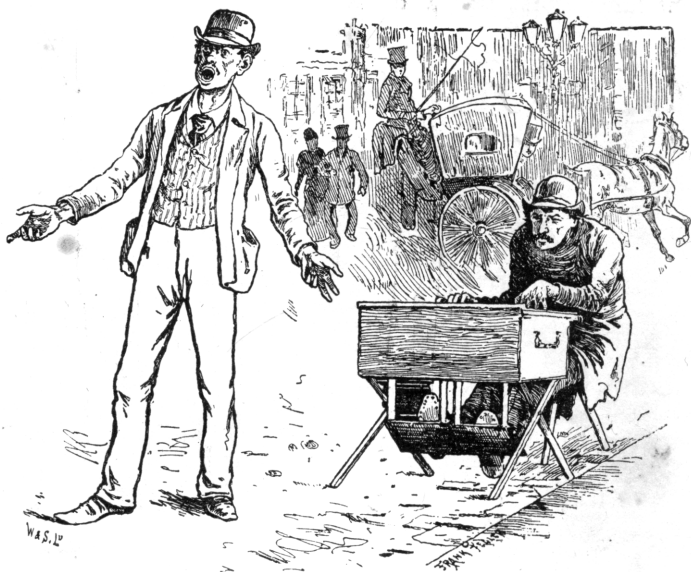
The "One Man Band" is a well-known character. He began life with a Punch and Judy show, and then played the drum and pan-pipes.



"ONE MAN BAND."

Being of an inventive turn of mind he added to his instruments the tambourine, triangle, and cymbals, which he played by leg movements. Then he added a concertina strapped to the left arm, a pair of clappers occupied his left hand, and with his right hand he played a hurdy-gurdy. The cap and jingling bells on his head completed "the band." All these instruments were carefully kept in tune with each other, and the performer produced some passable dance music of the country-fair type, while his boy took round the collecting shell. There are several similar performers about the country, but none with so many instruments.

The ballad singer seldom starts on his rounds before dusk, and he is careful to get a report whispered widely about that he is the "deputy leading tenor of the London Opera Company, and don't want to be seen by daylight, as it might injure his reputation." He is above being questioned, and tells you bluntly, "If you've got anything for the shell, why, shell out; if not, shut up. I'll sing you your favourite song, but there's no time for gabbing." He has a powerful and fairly good voice, and knows how to use it. He occasionally says he has a cold and then he puts in an execrable deputy, which further exalts his own powers and himself in the opinion of his admirers. He sings the latest and most popular songs, and evidently pockets plenty of money, especially in the autumn at seaside places like Margate and Ramsgate.



"BALLAD SINGER."



"WACHT-AM-RHEIN."

Our German friends, who have so considerably left their "Happy Fatherland" to test the English taste for music, are happily getting less numerous every year, but there are still a few left—some tolerable, some otherwise. They are brought over from the agricultural parts of Germany by an enterprising bandmaster, who gives them four shillings a week, pays their fares, provides instruments, uniforms, board and lodging, and teaches them to play some instrument. Their pay increases according to the progress they make. Fulham is their headquarters and Sunday their practice day. The novices begin playing in the northern and eastern suburbs of London, and, as they improve, they are promoted to the south-west and west. A guide goes with them, and he does the collecting. Denmark Hill being a favourite

residential locality for well-to-do Germans the best bands generally work—or rather play—that way.



"PETTICOAT QUARTETTE."

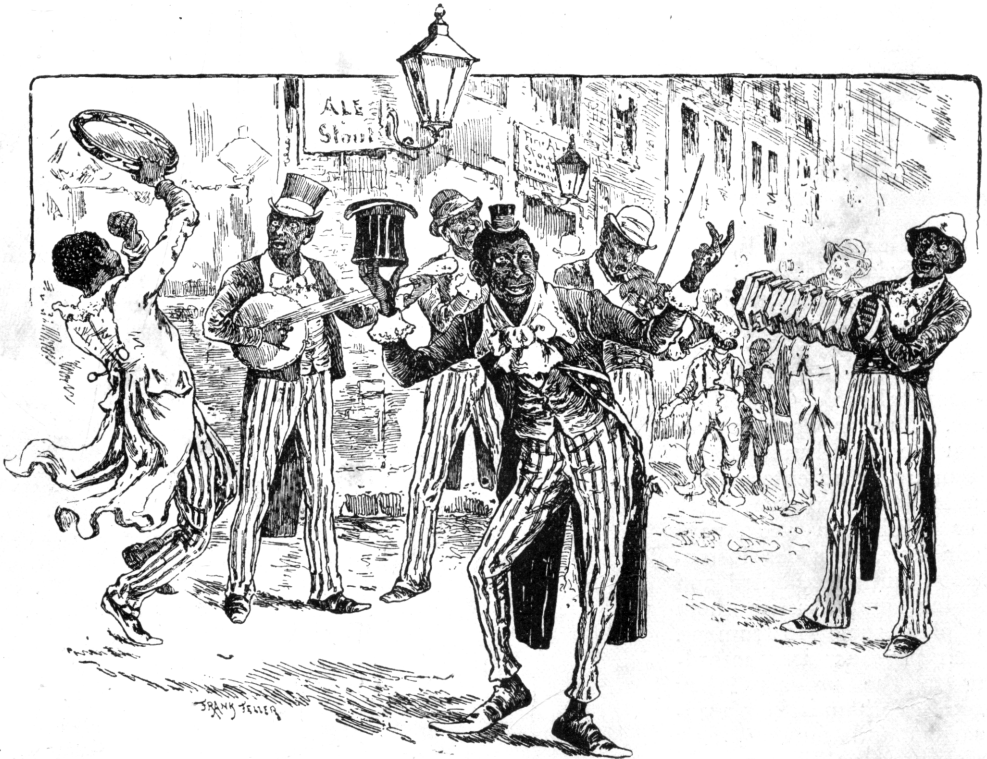
Dogs, especially singing dogs, take great delight in German bands, and may often be seen, with their noses skyward, lifting up their voices in grand chorus, and are no doubt supremely disgusted that their efforts to increase the harmony are not appreciated by the bandmen.

The Petticoat Quartette comprises four girls, supposed to be sisters. But they are none of them communicative, and the answer of the eldest one to our first question was somewhat startling: "Ask my Pa," said the lady, to the innocent question, "Are you all sisters?" Where they picked up their playing powers, what they earn, and other cognate inquiries were answered by the equivalent of "What's that to you?" They appear to have been pestered a good deal with proposals from

trousered street musicians, to join their band; as the eldest said emphatically, "We don't want no perfessional help from nobody." This reply, and an injunction from one of the crowd to "Let the gals alone," checked further inquiries.

With regard to the "Nigger Minstrels" there is nothing new to be said, and it has not yet been discovered why the singing of men with blackened hands and faces is liked, when the singing and playing of the same men with uncoloured skins would not be tolerated. Niggers—real niggers—never could either sing or play, but our "Nigger Minstrels" can do both.

Some street musicians at this time of the year—happily only a few—make a little overtime as waits, and keep us in mind of "The Mistletoe Bough."



Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

VII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLUE CARBUNCLE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



HAD called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning after Christmas, with the intention of wishing him the compliments of the season. He was lounging upon the sofa in a purple dressing-gown, a pipe-rack within his reach upon the right, and a pile of crumpled morning papers, evidently newly studied, near at hand. Beside the couch was a wooden chair, and on the angle of the back hung a very seedy and disreputable hard felt hat, much the worse for wear, and cracked in several places. A lens and a forceps lying upon the seat of the chair suggested that the hat had been suspended in this manner for the purpose of examination.

"You are engaged," said I; "perhaps I interrupt you."

"Not at all. I am glad to have a friend with whom I can discuss my results. The matter is a perfectly trivial one" (he jerked his thumb in the direction of the old hat), "but there are points in connection with it which are not entirely devoid of interest, and even of instruction."

I seated myself in his armchair, and warmed my hands before his crackling fire, for a sharp frost had set in, and the windows were thick with the ice crystals. "I suppose," I remarked, "that, homely as it looks, this thing has some deadly story linked on to it—that it is the clue which will guide you in the solution of some mystery, and the punishment of some crime."

"No, no. No crime," said Sherlock Holmes, laughing. "Only one of those whimsical little incidents which will happen

when you have four million human beings all jostling each other within the space of a few square miles. Amid the action and reaction of so dense a swarm of humanity, every possible combination of events may be expected to take place, and many a little problem will be presented which may be striking and bizarre without being criminal. We have already had experience of such,"



"A VERY SEEDY HARD FELT HAT."

"So much so," I remarked, "that, of the last six cases which I have added to my notes, three have been entirely free of any legal crime."

"Precisely. You allude to my attempt to recover the Irene Adler papers, to the singular case of Miss Mary Sutherland, and to the adventure of the man with the twisted lip. Well, I have no doubt that this small matter will fall into the same innocent category. You know Peterson, the commissioner?"

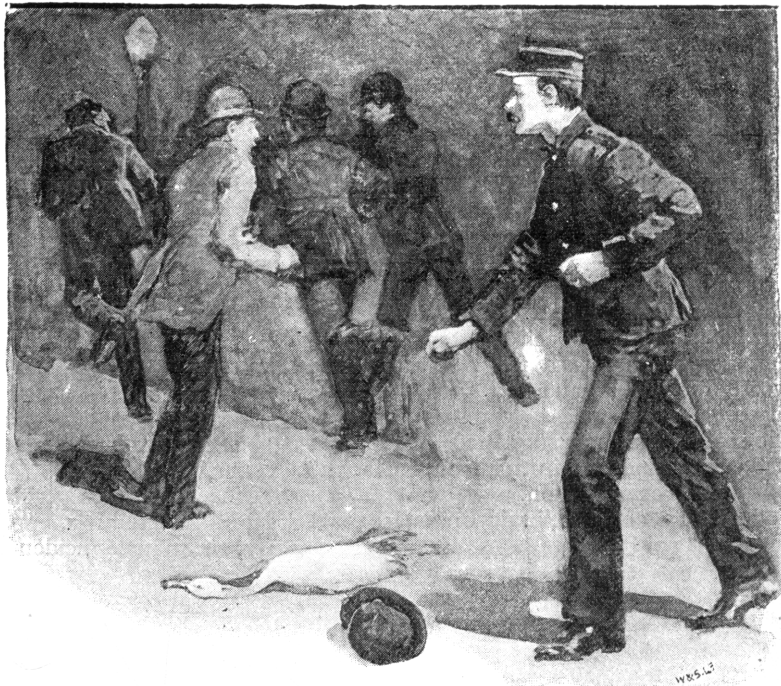
"Yes."

"It is to him that this trophy belongs."

"It is his hat."

"No, no; he found it. Its owner is unknown. I beg that you will look upon it, not as a battered billycock, but as an intellectual problem. And, first, as to how it came here. It arrived upon Christmas morning, in company with a good fat goose, which is, I have no doubt, roasting at this moment in front of Peterson's fire. The facts are these. About four o'clock on Christmas morning, Peterson, who, as you know, is a very honest fellow, was returning from some small jollification, and was making his way homewards down Tottenham Court-road. In front of him he saw, in the gaslight, a tallish man, walking with a slight stagger, and carrying a white goose slung over his shoulder. As he reached the corner of Goodge-street, a row broke out between this stranger and a little knot of roughs. One of the latter knocked off the man's hat, on which he raised his stick to defend himself, and, swinging it over his head, smashed the shop window behind him. Peterson had rushed forward to protect the stranger from his assailants, but the man, shocked at having broken the

window, and seeing an official-looking person in uniform rushing towards him, dropped his goose, took to his heels, and vanished amid the labyrinth of small streets which lie at the back of Tottenham Court-road. The roughs had also fled at the appearance of Peterson, so that he was left in possession of the field of battle, and also of the spoils of victory in the shape of this



"THE ROUGHS HAD FLED AT THE APPEARANCE OF PETERSON."

battered hat and a most unimpeachable Christmas goose."

"Which surely he restored to their owner?"

"My dear fellow, there lies the problem. It is true that 'For Mrs. Henry Baker' was printed upon a small card which was tied to the bird's left leg, and it is also true that the initials 'H. B.' are legible upon the lining of this hat; but, as there are some thousands of Bakers, and some hundreds of Henry Bakers in this city of ours, it is not easy to restore lost property to any one of them."

"What, then, did Peterson do?"

"He brought round both hat and goose to me on Christmas morning, knowing that even the smallest problems are of interest to me. The goose we retained until this morning, when there were signs that, in

spite of the slight frost, it would be well that it should be eaten without unnecessary delay. Its finder has carried it off, therefore, to fulfil the ultimate destiny of a goose, while I continue to retain the hat of the unknown gentleman who lost his Christmas dinner."

"Did he not advertise?"

"No."

"Then, what clue could you have as to his identity?"

"Only as much as we can deduce."

"From his hat?"

"Precisely."

"But you are joking. What can you gather from this old battered felt?"

"Here is my lens. You know my methods. What can you gather yourself as to the individuality of the man who has worn this article?"

I took the tattered object in my hands, and turned it over rather ruefully. It was a very ordinary black hat of the usual round shape, hard, and much the worse for wear. The lining had been of red silk, but was a good deal discoloured. There was no maker's name; but, as Holmes had remarked, the initials "H. B." were scrawled upon one side. It was pierced in the brim for a hat-securer, but the elastic was missing. For the rest, it was cracked, exceedingly dusty, and spotted in several places, although there seemed to have been some attempt to hide the discoloured patches by smearing them with ink.

"I can see nothing," said I, handing it back to my friend.

"On the contrary, Watson, you can see everything. You fail, however, to reason from what you see. You are too timid in drawing your inferences."

"Then, pray tell me what it is that you can infer from this hat?"

He picked it up, and gazed at it in the peculiar introspective fashion which was characteristic of him. "It is perhaps less suggestive than it might have been," he remarked, "and yet there are a few inferences which are very distinct, and a few others which represent at least a strong balance of probability. That the man was highly intellectual is of course obvious upon the face of it, and also that he was fairly well-to-do within the last three years, although he has now fallen upon evil days. He had foresight, but has less now than formerly, pointing to a moral retrogression, which, when taken with the decline of his fortunes, seems to indicate

some evil influence, probably drink, at work upon him. This may account also for the obvious fact that his wife has ceased to love him."

"My dear Holmes!"

"He has, however, retained some degree of self-respect," he continued, disregarding my remonstrance. "He is a man who leads a sedentary life, goes out little, is out of training entirely, is middle-aged, has grizzled hair which he has had cut within the last few days, and which he anoints with lime-cream. These are the more patent facts which are to be deduced from his hat. Also, by the way, that it is extremely improbable that he has gas laid on in his house."

"You are certainly joking, Holmes."

"Not in the least. Is it possible that even now when I give you these results you are unable to see how they are attained?"

"I have no doubt that I am very stupid; but I must confess that I am unable to follow you. For example, how did you deduce that this man was intellectual?"

For answer Holmes clapped the hat upon his head. It came right over the forehead and settled upon the bridge of his nose. "It is a question of cubic capacity," said he; "a man with so large a brain must have something in it."

"The decline of his fortunes, then?"

"This hat is three years old. These flat brims curled at the edge came in then. It is a hat of the very best quality. Look at the band of ribbed silk, and the excellent lining. If this man could afford to buy so expensive a hat three years ago, and has had no hat since, then he has assuredly gone down in the world."

"Well, that is clear enough, certainly. But how about the foresight, and the moral retrogression?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "Here is the foresight," said he, putting his finger upon the little disc and loop of the hat-securer. "They are never sold upon hats. If this man ordered one, it is a sign of a certain amount of foresight, since he went out of his way to take this precaution against the wind. But since we see that he has broken the elastic, and has not troubled to replace it, it is obvious that he has less foresight now than formerly, which is a distinct proof of a weakening nature. On the other hand, he has endeavoured to conceal some of these stains upon the felt by daubing them with ink, which is a sign that he has not entirely lost his self-respect."

"Your reasoning is certainly plausible."

"The further points, that he is middle-aged, that his hair is grizzled, that it has been recently cut, and that he uses lime-cream, are all to be gathered from a close examination of the lower part of the lining. The lens discloses a large number of hair ends, clean cut by the scissors of the barber. They all appear to be adhesive, and there is a distinct odour of lime-cream. This dust, you will observe, is not the gritty, grey dust of the street, but the fluffy brown dust of the house, showing that it has been hung up indoors most of the time; while the marks of moisture upon the inside are proof positive that the wearer perspired very freely, and could, therefore, hardly be in the best of training."

"But his wife—you said that she had ceased to love him."

"This hat has not been brushed for weeks. When I see you, my dear Watson, with a week's accumulation of dust upon your hat, and when your wife allows you to go out in such a state, I shall fear that you also have been unfortunate enough to lose your wife's affection."

"But he might be a bachelor."

"Nay, he was bringing home the goose as a peace-offering to his wife. Remember the card upon the bird's leg."

"You have an answer to everything. But how on earth do you deduce that the gas is not laid on in his house?"

"One tallow stain, or even two, might come by chance; but, when I see no less than five, I think that there can be little doubt that the individual must be brought into frequent contact with burning tallow—walks upstairs at night probably with his hat in one hand and a guttering candle in the other. Anyhow, he never got tallow stains from a gas jet. Are you satisfied?"

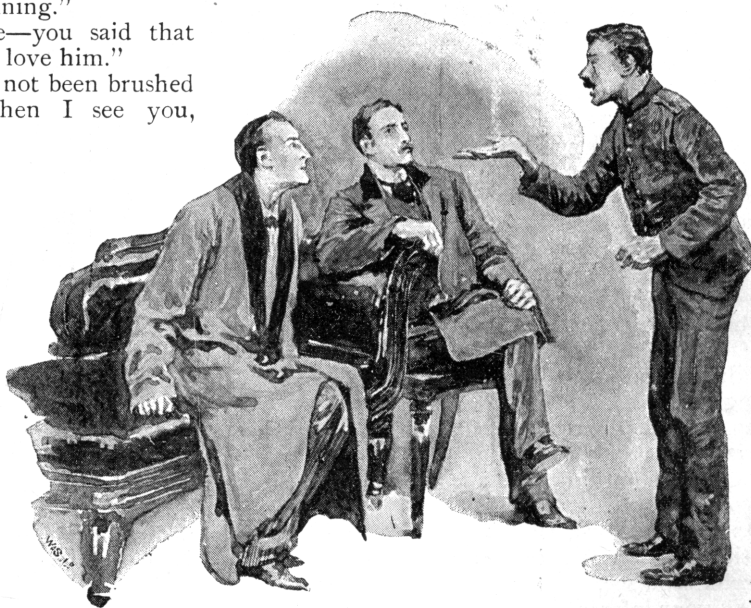
"Well, it is very ingenious," said I,

laughing; "but, since, as you said just now, there has been no crime committed, and no harm done save the loss of a goose, all this seems to be rather a waste of energy."

Sherlock Holmes had opened his mouth to reply, when the door flew open, and Peterson the commissionaire rushed into the apartment with flushed cheeks and the face of a man who is dazed with astonishment.

"The goose, Mr. Holmes! The goose, sir!" he gasped.

"Eh? What of it, then? Has it returned to life, and flapped off through the kitchen window?" Holmes twisted himself round upon the sofa to get a fairer view of the man's excited face.



"SEE WHAT MY WIFE FOUND IN ITS CROP!"

"See here, sir! See what my wife found in its crop!" He held out his hand, and displayed upon the centre of the palm a brilliantly scintillating blue stone, rather smaller than a bean in size, but of such purity and radiance that it twinkled like an electric point in the dark hollow of his hand.

"Sherlock Holmes sat up with a whistle. "By Jove, Peterson!" said he, "this is treasure trove indeed. I suppose you know what you have got?"

"A diamond, sir! A precious stone! It cuts into glass as though it were putty."

"It's more than a precious stone. It's the precious stone."

"Not the Countess of Morcar's blue carbuncle!" I ejaculated.

"Precisely so. I ought to know its size and shape, seeing that I have read the advertisement about it in *The Times* every day lately. It is absolutely unique, and its value can only be conjectured, but the reward offered of a thousand pounds is certainly not within a twentieth part of the market price."

"A thousand pounds! Great Lord of mercy!" The commissioner plumped down into a chair, and stared from one to the other of us.

"That is the reward, and I have reason to know that there are sentimental considerations in the background which would induce the Countess to part with half her fortune, if she could but recover the gem."

"It was lost, if I remember aright, at the Hotel Cosmopolitan," I remarked.

"Precisely so, on the twenty-second of December, just five days ago. John Horner, a plumber, was accused of having abstracted it from the lady's jewel case. The evidence against him was so strong that the case has been referred to the Assizes. I have some account of the matter here, I believe." He rummaged amid his newspapers, glancing over the dates, until at last he smoothed one out, doubled it over, and read the following paragraph:—

"Hotel Cosmopolitan Jewel Robbery. John Horner, 26, plumber, was brought up upon the charge of having upon the 22nd inst. abstracted from the jewel case of the Countess of Morcar the valuable gem known as the blue carbuncle. James Ryder, upper-attendant at the hotel, gave his evidence to the effect that he had shown Horner up to the dressing-room of the Countess of Morcar upon the day of the robbery, in order that he might solder the second bar of the grate, which was loose. He had remained with Horner some little time, but had finally been called away. On returning, he found that Horner had disappeared, that the bureau had been forced open, and that the small morocco casket in which, as it afterwards transpired, the Countess was accustomed to keep her jewel was lying empty upon the dressing-table. Ryder instantly gave the alarm, and Horner was arrested the same evening; but the stone could not be found either upon his person or in his rooms. Catherine Cusack, maid to the Countess, deposed to having heard Ryder's cry of dismay on discovering the robbery,

and to having rushed into the room, where she found matters as described by the last witness. Inspector Bradstreet, B division, gave evidence as to the arrest of Horner, who struggled frantically, and protested his innocence in the strongest terms. Evidence of a previous conviction for robbery having been given against the prisoner, the magistrate refused to deal summarily with the offence, but referred it to the Assizes. Horner, who had shown signs of intense emotion during the proceedings, fainted away at the conclusion, and was carried out of court."

"Hum! So much for the police-court," said Holmes, thoughtfully, tossing aside the paper. "The question for us now to solve is the sequence of events leading from a rifled jewel case at one end to the crop of a goose in Tottenham Court-road at the other. You see, Watson, our little deductions have suddenly assumed a much more important and less innocent aspect. Here is the stone; the stone came from the goose, and the goose came from Mr. Henry Baker, the gentleman with the bad hat and all the other characteristics with which I have bored you. So now we must set ourselves very seriously to finding this gentleman, and ascertaining what part he has played in this little mystery. To do this, we must try the simplest means first, and these lie undoubtedly in an advertisement in all the evening papers. If this fail, I shall have recourse to other methods."

"What will you say?"

"Give me a pencil, and that slip of paper. Now, then: 'Found at the corner of Goodge-street, a goose and a black felt hat. Mr. Henry Baker can have the same by applying at 6.30 this evening at 221B, Baker-street.' That is clear and concise."

"Very. But will he see it?"

"Well, he is sure to keep an eye on the papers, since, to a poor man, the loss was a heavy one. He was clearly so scared by his mischance in breaking the window, and by the approach of Peterson, that he thought of nothing but flight; but since then he must have bitterly regretted the impulse which caused him to drop his bird. Then, again, the introduction of his name will cause him to see it, for everyone who knows him will direct his attention to it. Here you are, Peterson, run down to the advertising agency, and have this put in the evening papers."

"In which, sir."

"Oh, in the *Globe*, *Star*, *Pall Mall*, *St.*

James's, Evening News, Standard, Echo, and any others that occur to you."

"Very well, sir. And this stone?"

"Ah, yes, I shall keep the stone. Thank you. And, I say, Peterson, just buy a goose on your way back, and leave it here with me, for we must have one to give to this gentleman in place of the one which your family is now devouring."

When the commissioner had gone, Holmes took up the stone and held it against the light. "It's a bonny thing," said he. "Just see how it glints and sparkles. Of course it is a nucleus and focus of crime. Every good stone is. They are the devil's pet baits. In the larger and older jewels every facet may stand for a bloody deed. This stone is not yet twenty years old. It was found in the banks of the Amoy River in Southern China, and is remarkable in having every characteristic of the carbuncle, save that it is blue in shade, instead of ruby red. In spite of its youth, it has already a sinister history. There have been two murders, a vitriol-throwing, a suicide, and several robberies brought about for the sake of this forty-grain weight of crystallised charcoal. Who would think that so pretty a toy would be a purveyor to the gallows and the prison? I'll lock it up in my strong box now, and drop a line to the Countess to say that we have it."

"Do you think that this man Horner is innocent?"

"I cannot tell."

"Well, then, do you imagine that this other one, Henry Baker, had anything to do with the matter?"

"It is, I think, much more likely that Henry Baker is an absolutely innocent man, who had no idea that the bird which he was carrying was of considerably more value than if it were made of solid gold. That, however, I shall determine by a very simple test, if we have an answer to our advertisement."

"And you can do nothing until then?"

"Nothing."

"In that case I shall continue my professional round. But I shall come back in the evening at the hour you have mentioned, for I should like to see the solution of so tangled a business."

"Very glad to see you. I dine at seven. There is a woodcock, I believe. By the way, in view of recent occurrences, perhaps I ought to ask Mrs. Hudson to examine its crop."

I had been delayed at a case, and it was a little after half-past six when I found my-

self in Baker-street once more. As I approached the house I saw a tall man in a Scotch bonnet, with a coat which was buttoned up to his chin, waiting outside in the bright semicircle which was thrown from the fanlight. Just as I arrived, the door was opened, and we were shown up together to Holmes' room.

"Mr. Henry Baker, I believe," said he, rising from his armchair, and greeting his visitor with the easy air of geniality which he could so readily assume. "Pray take this chair by the fire, Mr. Baker. It is a cold night, and I observe that your circulation is more adapted for summer than for winter. Ah, Watson, you have just come at the right time. Is that your hat, Mr. Baker?"

"Yes, sir, that is undoubtedly my hat."

He was a large man, with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed beard of grizzled brown. A touch of red in nose and cheeks, with a slight tremor of his extended hand, recalled Holmes' surmise as to his habits. His rusty black frock coat was buttoned right up in front, with the collar turned up, and his lank wrists protruded from his sleeves without a sign of cuff or shirt. He spoke in a slow staccato fashion, choosing his words with care, and gave the impression generally of a man of learning and letters who had had ill-usage at the hands of fortune.

"We have retained these things for some days," said Holmes, "because we expected to see an advertisement from you giving your address. I am at a loss to know now why you did not advertise."

Our visitor gave a rather shame-faced laugh. "Shillings have not been so plentiful with me as they once were," he remarked. "I had no doubt that the gang of roughs who assaulted me had carried off both my hat and the bird. I did not care to spend more money in a hopeless attempt at recovering them."

"Very naturally. By the way, about the bird, we were compelled to eat it."

"To eat it!" Our visitor half rose from his chair in his excitement.

"Yes, it would have been no use to anyone had we not done so. But I presume that this other goose upon the sideboard, which is about the same weight and perfectly fresh, will answer your purpose equally well?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" answered Mr. Baker, with a sigh of relief.

"Of course, we still have the feathers, legs, crop, and so on of your own bird, so if you wish——"

The man burst into a hearty laugh. "They might be useful to me as relics of my adventure," said he, "but beyond that I can hardly see what use the *disjecta membra* of my late acquaintance are going to be to me. No, sir, I think that, with your permission, I will confine my attentions to the excellent bird which I perceive upon the sideboard."

Sherlock Holmes glanced sharply across at me with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"There is your hat, then, and there your bird," said he. "By the way, would it bore you to tell me where you got the other one from? I am somewhat of a fowl fancier, and I have seldom seen a better-grown goose."

"Certainly, sir," said Baker, who had risen and tucked his newly-gained property under his arm. "There are a few of us who frequent the 'Alpha' Inn, near the Museum—we are to be found in the Museum itself during the day, you understand. This year our good host, Windigate by name, instituted a goose club, by which, on consideration of some few pence every week, we were each to receive a bird at Christmas. My pence were duly paid, and the rest is familiar to you. I am much

indebted to you, sir, for a Scotch bonnet is fitted neither to my years nor my gravity." With a comical pomposity of manner he bowed solemnly to both of us, and strode off upon his way.

"So much for Mr. Henry Baker," said Holmes, when he had closed the door behind him. "It is quite certain that he knows nothing whatever about the matter. Are you hungry, Watson?"

"Not particularly."

"Then I suggest that we turn our dinner into a supper, and follow up this clue while it is still hot."

"By all means."

It was a bitter night, so we drew on our ulsters and wrapped cravats about our throats. Outside, the stars were shining coldly in a cloudless sky, and the breath of the passers-by blew out into smoke like so many pistol shots. Our footfalls rang out crisply and loudly as we swung through the Doctors' quarter, Wimpole-street, Harley-street, and so through Wigmore-street into Oxford-street. In a quarter of an hour we were in Bloomsbury at the "Alpha" Inn, which is a small public-house at the corner of one of the streets which runs down into Holborn. Holmes pushed open the door of the private bar, and ordered two glasses of beer from the ruddy-faced, white-aproned landlord.

"Your beer should be excellent if it is as good as your geese," said he.

"My geese!" The man seemed surprised.

"Yes. I was speaking only half an hour ago to Mr. Henry Baker, who was a member of your goose-club."

"Ah! yes, I see. But you see, sir, them's not *our* geese."

"Indeed! Whose, then?"

"Well, I got the two dozen from a salesman in Covent Garden."

"Indeed! I know some of them. Which was it?"

"Breckinridge is his name."

"Ah! I don't know him. Well, here's your good health, landlord, and prosperity to your house. Good-night!"

"Now for Mr. Breckinridge," he continued, buttoning up his coat, as we came out into the frosty air. "Remember, Watson, that though we have so homely a thing as a goose at one end of this chain,



"HE BOWED SOLEMNLY TO BOTH OF US."

we have at the other a man who will certainly get seven years' penal servitude, unless we can establish his innocence. It is possible that our inquiry may but confirm his guilt; but, in any case, we have a line of investigation which has been missed by the police, and which a singular chance has placed in our hands. Let us follow it out to the bitter end. Faces to the south, then, and quick march!"

We passed across Holborn, down Endell-street, and so through a zigzag of slums to Covent Garden Market. One of the largest stalls bore the name of Breckinridge upon it, and the proprietor, a horsey-looking man, with a sharp face and trim side-whiskers, was helping a boy to put up the shutters.

"Good evening. It's a cold night," said Holmes.

The salesman nodded, and shot a questioning glance at my companion.

"Sold out of geese, I see," continued Holmes, pointing at the bare slabs of marble.

"Let you have five hundred to-morrow morning."

"That's no good."

"Well, there are some on the stall with the gas flare."

"Ah, but I was recommended to you."

"Who by?"

"The landlord of the 'Alpha.'"

"Oh, yes; I sent him a couple of dozen."

"Fine birds they were, too. Now where did you get them from?"

To my surprise the question provoked a burst of anger from the salesman.

"Now, then, mister," said he, with his head cocked and his arms akimbo, "what are you driving at? Let's have it straight, now."

"It is straight enough. I should like to know who sold you the geese which you supplied to the 'Alpha.'"

"Well, then, I sha'n't tell you. So now!"

"Oh, it is a matter of no importance; but I don't know why you should be so warm over such a trifle."

"Warm! You'd be as warm, maybe, if you were as pestered as I am. When I pay good money for a good article there should be an end of the business; but it's 'Where are the geese?' and 'Who did you sell the geese to?' and 'What will you take for the geese?' One would think they were the only geese in the world, to hear the fuss that is made over them."

"Well, I have no connection with any other people who have been making inquiries," said Holmes, carelessly. "If you won't tell us the bet is off, that is all. But I'm always ready to back my opinion on a matter of fowls, and I have a fiver on it that the bird I ate is country bred."

"Well, then, you've lost your fiver, for it's town bred," snapped the salesman.

"It's nothing of the kind."

"I say it is."

"I don't believe it."

"D'you think you know more about fowls than I, who have handled them ever since I was a nipper? I tell you, all those birds that went to the 'Alpha' were town bred."

"You'll never persuade me to believe that."

"Will you bet, then?"

"It's merely taking your money, for I know that I am right. But I'll have a sovereign on with you, just to teach you not to be obstinate."

The salesman chuckled grimly. "Bring me the books, Bill," said he.

The small boy brought round a small thin volume and a great greasy-backed one, laying them out together beneath the hanging lamp.

"Now then, Mr. Cocksure," said the salesman, "I thought that I was out of geese, but before I finish you'll find that there is still one left in my shop. You see this little book?"

"Well?"

"That's the list of the folk from whom I buy. D'you see? Well, then, here on this page are the country folk, and the numbers after their names are where their accounts are in the big ledger. Now, then! You see this other page in red ink? Well, that is a list of my town suppliers. Now, look at that third name. Just read it out to me."

"Mrs. Oakshott, 117, Brixton-road—249," read Holmes.

"Quite so. Now turn that up in the ledger."

Holmes turned to the page indicated. "Here you are, 'Mrs. Oakshott, 117, Brixton-road, egg and poultry supplier.'"

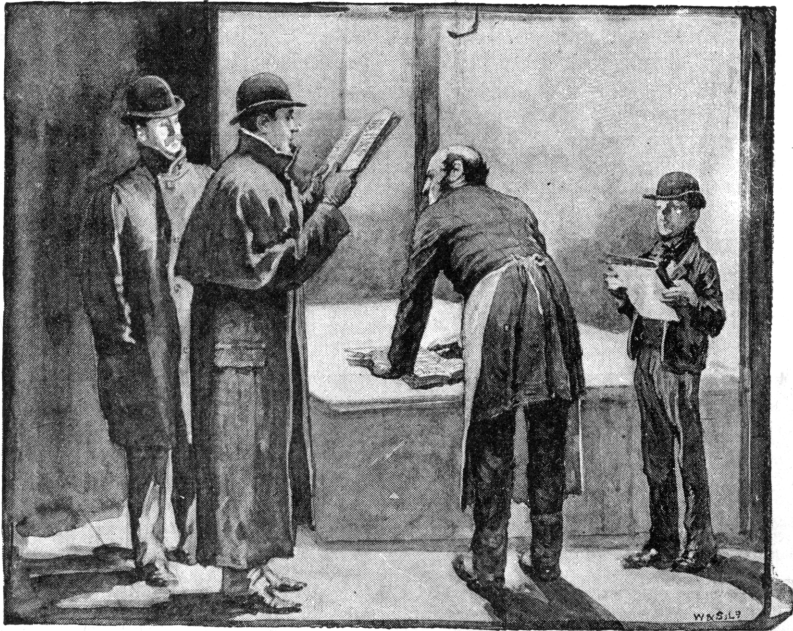
"Now, then, what's the last entry?"

"'December 22. Twenty-four geese at 7s. 6d.'"

"Quite so. There you are. And underneath?"

"Sold to Mr. Windigate of the 'Alpha' at 12s.'"

"What have you to say now?"



"JUST READ IT OUT TO ME."

Sherlock Holmes looked deeply chagrined. He drew a sovereign from his pocket and threw it down upon the slab, turning away with the air of a man whose disgust is too deep for words. A few yards off he stopped under a lamp-post, and laughed in the hearty, noiseless fashion which was peculiar to him.

"When you see a man with whiskers of that cut and the 'pink 'un' protruding out of his pocket, you can always draw him by a bet," said he. "I daresay that if I had put a hundred pounds down in front of him that man would not have given me such complete information as was drawn from him by the idea that he was doing me on a wager. Well, Watson, we are, I fancy, nearing the end of our quest, and the only point which remains to be determined is whether we should go on to this Mrs. Oakshott to-night, or whether we should reserve it for to-morrow. It is clear from what that surly fellow said that there are others besides ourselves who are anxious about the matter, and I should——"

His remarks were suddenly cut short by a loud hubbub which broke out from the stall which we had just left. Turning round we saw a little rat-faced fellow standing in the centre of the circle of yellow light which was thrown by the swinging lamp, while Breckinridge the salesman, framed

in the door of his stall, was shaking his fists fiercely at the cringing figure.

"I've had enough of you and your geese," he shouted. "I wish you were all at the devil together. If you come pestering me any more with your silly talk I'll set the dog at you. You bring Mrs. Oakshott here and I'll answer her, but what have you to do with it? Did I buy the geese off you?"

"No; but one of them was mine all the same," whined the little man.

"Well, then, ask Mrs. Oakshott for it."

"She told me to ask you."

"Well, you can ask the King of Proosia for all I care. I've had enough of it. Get out of this!" He rushed fiercely forward, and the inquirer flitted away into the darkness.

"Ha, this may save us a visit to Brixton-road," whispered Holmes. "Come with me, and we will see what is to be made of this fellow." Striding through the scattered knots of people who lounged round the flaring stalls, my companion speedily overtook the little man and touched him upon the shoulder. He sprang round, and I could see in the gaslight that every vestige of colour had been driven from his face.

"Who are you, then? What do you want?" he asked in a quavering voice.

"You will excuse me," said Holmes.

blandly, "but I could not help overhearing the questions which you put to the salesman just now. I think that I could be of assistance to you."

"You? Who are you? How could you know anything of the matter?"

"My name is Sherlock Holmes. It is my business to know what other people don't know."

"But you can know nothing of this?"

"Excuse me, I know everything of it. You are endeavouring to trace some geese which were sold by Mrs. Oakshott, of

which was passing. "In that case we had better discuss it in a cosy room rather than in this windswept market-place," said he. "But pray tell me, before we go further, who it is that I have the pleasure of assisting."

The man hesitated for an instant. "My name is John Robinson," he answered, with a sidelong glance.

"No, no; the real name," said Holmes, sweetly. "It is always awkward doing business with an *alias*."

A flush sprang to the white cheeks of the stranger. "Well, then," said he, "my real name is James Ryder."

"Precisely so. Head attendant at the Hotel Cosmopolitan. Pray step into the cab, and I shall soon be able to tell you everything which you would wish to know."

The little man stood glancing from one to the other of us with half-frightened, half-hopeful eyes, as one who is not sure whether he is on the verge of a windfall or of a catastrophe. Then he stepped into the cab, and in half an hour we were back in the sitting-room at Baker-street. Nothing had been said during our drive, but the high thin breathing of our new companion, and the claspings and unclaspings of his hands spoke of the nervous tension within him.

"Here we are!" said Holmes, cheerily, as we filed into the room. "The fire looks very seasonable in this weather. You look cold, Mr. Ryder. Pray take the basket chair. I

will just put on my slippers before we settle this little matter of yours. Now, then! You want to know what became of those geese?"

"Yes, sir."

"Or rather, I fancy, of that goose. It was one bird, I imagine, in which you were interested—white, with a black bar across the tail."

Ryder quivered with emotion. "Oh,



"YOU ARE THE VERY MAN."

Brixton-road, to a salesman named Breckinridge, by him in turn to Mr. Windigate, of the 'Alpha,' and by him to his club, of which Mr. Henry Baker is a member."

"Oh, sir, you are the very man whom I have longed to meet," cried the little fellow, with outstretched hands and quivering fingers. "I can hardly explain to you how interested I am in this matter."

Sherlock Holmes hailed a four-wheeler

sir, he cried, "can you tell me where it went to?"

"It came here."

"Here?"

"Yes, and a most remarkable bird it proved. I don't wonder that you should take an interest in it. It laid an egg after it was dead—the bonniest, brightest little blue egg that ever was seen. I have it here in my museum."

Our visitor staggered to his feet, and clutched the mantelpiece with his right hand. Holmes unlocked his strong box, and held up the blue carbuncle, which shone out like a star, with a cold, brilliant, many-pointed radiance. Ryder stood glaring with a drawn face, uncertain whether to claim or to disown it.

"The game's up, Ryder," said Holmes, quietly. "Hold up, man, or you'll be into the fire. Give him an arm back into his chair, Watson. He's not got blood enough to go in for felony with impunity. Give him a dash of brandy. So! Now he looks a little more human. What a shrimp it is, to be sure!"

For a moment he had staggered and nearly fallen, but the brandy brought a tinge of colour into his cheeks, and he sat staring with frightened eyes at his accuser.

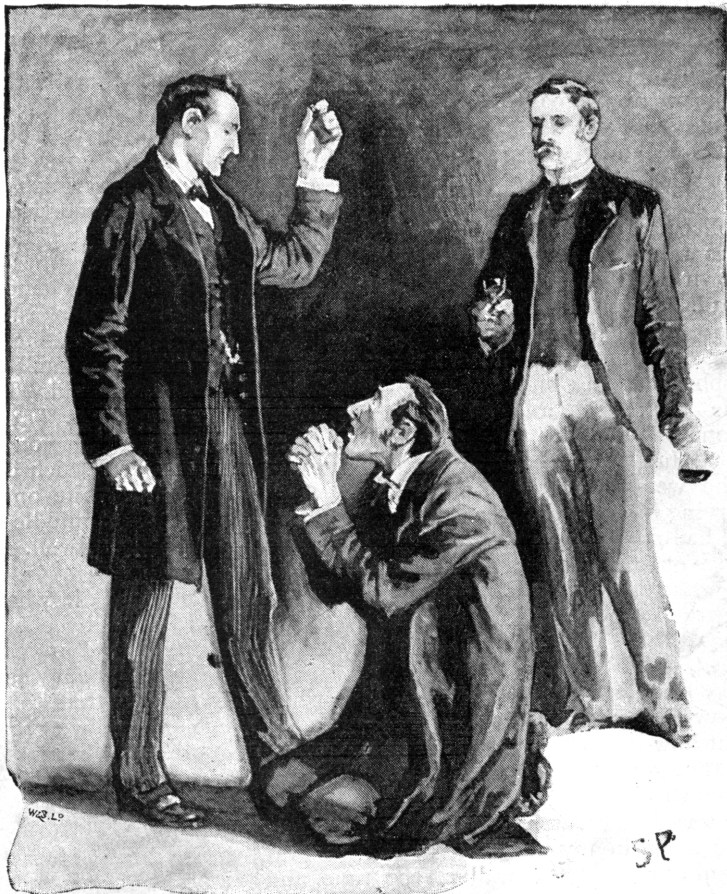
"I have almost every link in my hands, and all the proofs which I could possibly need, so there is little which you need tell me. Still that little may as well be cleared up to make the case complete. You had heard, Ryder, of this blue stone of the Countess of Morcar's?"

"It was Catherine Cusack who told me of it," said he, in a crackling voice.

"I see. Her ladyship's waiting maid. Well, the temptation of sudden wealth so

easily acquired was too much for you, as it has been for better men before you; but you were not very scrupulous in the means you used. It seems to me, Ryder, that there is the making of a very pretty villain in you. You knew that this man Horner, the plumber, had been concerned in some such matter before, and that suspicion would rest the more readily upon him. What did you do, then? You made some small job in my lady's room—you and your confederate Cusack—and you managed that he should be the man sent for. Then, when he had left, you rifled the jewel case, raised the alarm, and had this unfortunate man arrested. You then——"

Ryder threw himself down suddenly upon the rug, and clutched at my companion's knees. "For God's sake, have mercy!" he shrieked. "Think of my father! Of my mother! It would break their hearts. I never went wrong before! I never will



"HAVE MERCY!" HE SHRIEKED.

again. I swear it. I'll swear it on a Bible. Oh, don't bring it into court! For Christ's sake, don't!"

"Get back into your chair!" said Holmes, sternly. "It is very well to cringe and crawl now, but you thought little enough of this poor Horner in the dock for a crime of which he knew nothing."

"I will fly, Mr. Holmes. I will leave the country, sir. Then the charge against him will break down."

"Hum! We will talk about that. And now let us hear a true account of the next act. How came the stone into the goose, and how came the goose into the open market? Tell us the truth, for there lies your only hope of safety."

Ryder passed his tongue over his parched lips. "I will tell you it just as it happened, sir," said he. "When Horner had been arrested, it seemed to me that it would be best for me to get away with the stone at once, for I did not know at what moment the police might not take it into their heads to search me and my room. There was no place about the hotel where it would be safe. I went out, as if on some commission, and I made for my sister's house. She had married a man named Oakshott, and lived in Brixton-road, where she fattened fowls for the market. All the way there every man I met seemed to me to be a policeman or a detective, and for all that it was a cold night, the sweat was pouring down my face before I came to the Brixton-road. My sister asked me what was the matter, and why I was so pale; but I told her that I had been upset by the jewel robbery at the hotel. Then I went into the back yard, and smoked a pipe, and wondered what it would be best to do."

"I had a friend once called Maudsley, who went to the bad, and has just been serving his time in Pentonville. One day he had met me, and fell into talk about the ways of thieves and how they could get rid of what they stole. I knew that he would be true to me, for I knew one or two things about him, so I made up my mind to go right on to Kilburn, where he lived, and take him into my confidence. He would show me how to turn the stone into money. But how to get to him in safety. I thought of the agonies I had gone through in coming from the hotel. I might at any moment be seized and searched, and there would be the stone in my waistcoat pocket. I was leaning against the wall at the time, and looking at the geese which were waddling

about round my feet, and suddenly an idea came into my head which showed me how I could beat the best detective that ever lived.

"My sister had told me some weeks before that I might have the pick of her geese for a Christmas present, and I knew that she was always as good as her word. I would take my goose now, and in it I would carry my stone to Kilburn. There was a little shed in the yard, and behind this I drove one of the birds, a fine big one, white with a barred tail. I caught it, and, prizing its bill open, I thrust the stone down its throat as far as my finger could reach. The bird gave a gulp, and I felt the stone pass along its gullet and down into its crop. But the creature flapped and struggled, and out came my sister to know what was the matter. As I turned to speak to her the brute broke loose, and fluttered off among the others."

"Whatever were you doing with that bird, Jem?" says she.

"Well," said I, "you said you'd give me one for Christmas, and I was feeling which was the fattest."

"Oh," says she, "we've set yours aside for you. Jem's bird, we call it. It's the big, white one over yonder. There's twenty-six of them, which makes one for you, and one for us, and two dozen for the market."

"Thank you, Maggie," says I; "but if it is all the same to you I'd rather have that one I was handling just now."

"The other is a good three pound heavier," said she, "and we fattened it expressly for you."

"Never mind. I'll have the other, and I'll take it now," said I.

"Oh, just as you like," said she, a little huffed. "Which is it you want, then?"

"That white one, with the barred tail, right in the middle of the flock."

"Oh, very well. Kill it and take it with you."

"Well, I did what she said, Mr. Holmes, and I carried the bird all the way to Kilburn. I told my pal what I had done, for he was a man that it was easy to tell a thing like that to. He laughed until he choked, and we got a knife and opened the goose. My heart turned to water, for there was no sign of the stone, and I knew that some terrible mistake had occurred. I left the bird, rushed back to my sister's, and hurried into the back yard. There was not a bird to be seen there."

"Where are they all, Maggie?" I cried.

"Gone to the dealer's, Jim."

"Which dealer's?"

"Breckinridge, of Covent Garden."

"But was there another with a barred tail?" I asked, "the same as the one I chose?"

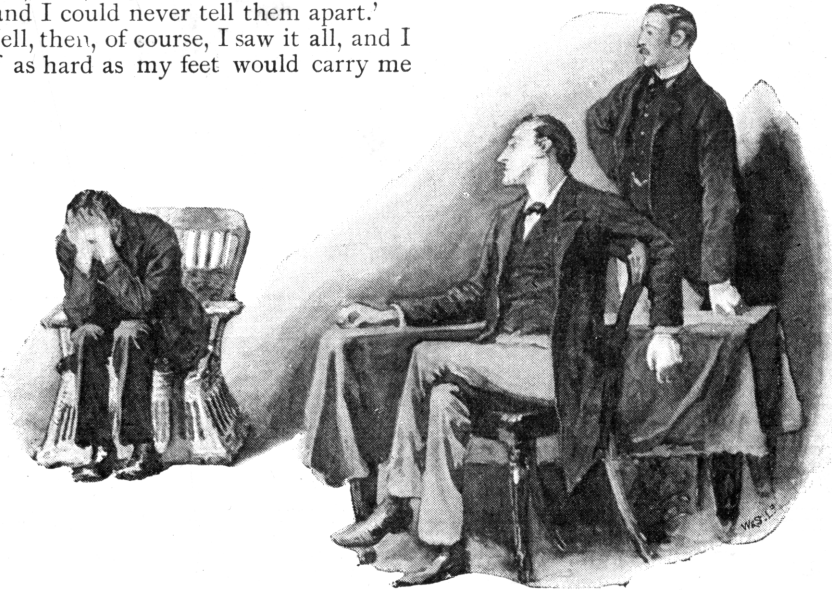
"Yes, Jem, there were two barred-tailed ones, and I could never tell them apart."

"Well, then, of course, I saw it all, and I ran off as hard as my feet would carry me

"What, sir! Oh, heaven bless you!"

"No more words. Get out!"

And no more words were needed. There was a rush, a clatter upon the stairs, the bang of a door, and the crisp rattle of running footfalls from the street.



"HE BURST INTO CONVULSIVE SOBBING."

to this man Breckinridge; but he had sold the lot at once, and not one word would he tell me as to where they had gone. You heard him yourselves to-night. Well, he has always answered me like that. My sister thinks that I am going mad. Sometimes I think that I am myself. And now—and now I am myself a branded thief, without ever having touched the wealth for which I sold my character. God help me! God help me!" He burst into convulsive sobbing, with his face buried in his hands.

There was a long silence, broken only by his heavy breathing, and by the measured tapping of Sherlock Holmes' finger-tips upon the edge of the table. Then my friend rose, and threw open the door.

"Get out!" said he.

"After all, Watson," said Holmes, reaching up his hand for his clay pipe, "I am not retained by the police to supply their deficiencies. If Horner were in danger it would be another thing, but this fellow will not appear against him, and the case must collapse. I suppose that I am commuting a felony, but it is just possible that I am saving a soul. This fellow will not go wrong again. He is too terribly frightened. Send him to gaol now, and you make him a gaol-bird for life. Besides, it is the season of forgiveness. Chance has put in our way a most singular and whimsical problem, and its solution is its own reward. If you will have the goodness to touch the bell, Doctor, we will begin another investigation, in which also a bird will be the chief feature."



Sung by Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN.

Words by GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE.

Music by FRANCO LEONI.

Allegretto.

p Armonioso. *cres.* *dim.*

p Legato.

Is it for ev - er, for ev - er we part? . . . Can you thus

dim.

sen - tence to death a poor heart, On - ly for lov - ing you faith - ful and true, . . .

... Liv-ing to die in its pas-sion for you? Ah, no, mine own mine own, it must nev-er

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "... Liv-ing to die in its pas-sion for you? Ah, no, mine own mine own, it must nev-er".

be! In love's deep despair I cling, I cling to thee; For thou art my

accel. *dim.*

This system contains the second line of music. It includes dynamic markings *accel.* and *dim.* above the vocal staff. The lyrics are: "be! In love's deep despair I cling, I cling to thee; For thou art my".

all, my life, soul, and heart, So how can I leave thee? how can I part?

This system contains the third line of music. The lyrics are: "all, my life, soul, and heart, So how can I leave thee? how can I part?".

Ah! Ah! let me stay, love, . . . bid me not

mf With passion.
Meno mosso.
mf

This system contains the fourth line of music. It includes dynamic markings *mf With passion.*, *Meno mosso.*, and *mf*. The lyrics are: "Ah! Ah! let me stay, love, . . . bid me not".

go; . . . How can I yield thee, . . . lov-ing thee

riten. so? Leave thee! for - get . . . thee! . . . *cres.* ah, nev - er! ah,

nev - er! . . . Still must I love thee for ev - er and ev - -

. . . er.
Tempo Imo.



p

Let me draw clos - er, love, here to your side; . . . Close to those

dim.

lips that so an - gri-ly chide; 'Tis now love or hate, 'tis now death or

bliss! . . . The touchstone of fate . . . I'll tempt with this kiss. Here to my heart as I, as

accel.

I press thee a-gain, The fire of my love shall burn, shall burn not in vain.

accel.

dim.

Ah! never, nev - er from here shalt thou stray! Mine, thine, for ev - er, for

dim.

mf With passion.

ev - er and aye. Ah! Ah! let me stay, love, . . .

Meno mosso.

mf

. . . bid me not go; . . . How can I yield thee, . . .

riten.

... lov - ing thee so? Leave thee! for - get . . thee! . . .

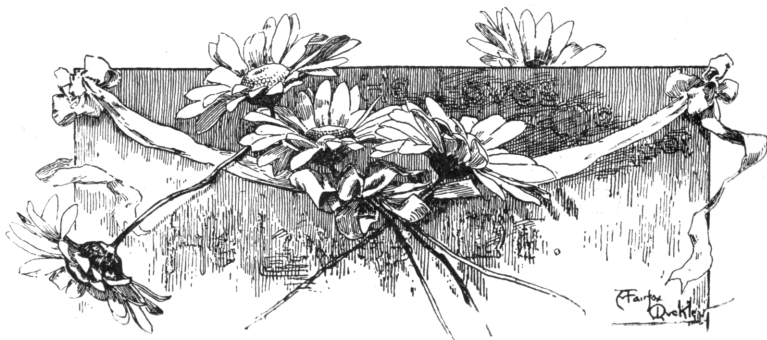
cres. *cres.* *f ten.*

... ah, nev - er! ah, nev - - er! Still must I love thee, must

cres. *cres.* *f*

love thee for ev - er and ev - - - er.

ff *ff* *Stentate.*



DRAK

THE FAIRY

A STORY FOR CHILDREN
THE FAIRY OF SOUVETSTE

On the appointed day Michael set out for Lavour. His portmanteau was packed with his finest clothes, an apple-green coat, a lavender vest, breeches of black velvet, silk stockings with silver trees, buckle shoes, powder-box, and a satin ribbon for his *queue*. His horse was harnessed with

The sun having disappeared from the horizon he was about to pursue his journey, when he heard a sound behind him amongst the leaves as of a multitude of little footsteps trampling the grass in tune to the music of a flute and cymbals. Astonished, he turned round, and by the light of the first stars, he perceived a troop of fairies, who were running headed by the king, Tambourinet. In their rear, turning over and over like a wheel, was the buffoon of the little people, Drak, the fairy.

The fairies surrounded the traveller, and gave him a thousand welcomes and good wishes. Michael, who had drank too freely not to be brave, welcomed them as old



acquaintances, and seeing their little eyes fixed upon the cake, he began to crumble and throw it to them as one would to the birds. In spite of their numbers, each one had his crumb with the exception of Drak, who arrived when everyone had finished. Tambourinet next asked what was in the bottle, and passed it from hand to hand till it reached the buffoon, who, finding it empty, threw it away.

Michael burst out laughing.

"That is justice, my little man," said he to the fairy. "For those who arrive late there remains nothing but regret."

"I will make you remember what you have just said," cried Drak, in anger.

"And how?" asked the traveller, ironically. "Do you think, now, you are big enough to revenge yourself?"

Drak disappeared without answering; and Michael, after taking leave of Tambourinet, mounted his horse again.

He had not gone a hundred paces, when the saddle turned and threw him roughly to the ground. He arose, a little stunned, rebuckled the straps, and mounted his horse again. A little further on, as he was going over a bridge, the right stirrup bent slightly, and he found himself thrown in the middle of the rivulet. He got out again in a very bad humour, and fell the third time over the pebbles in the road, hurting himself so much that he could hardly proceed. He began to

think if he persisted in riding in the saddle he would be unable to present himself at all to the family of the young lady, so he decided to ride his horse bare-backed, and take the saddle upon his shoulder. In

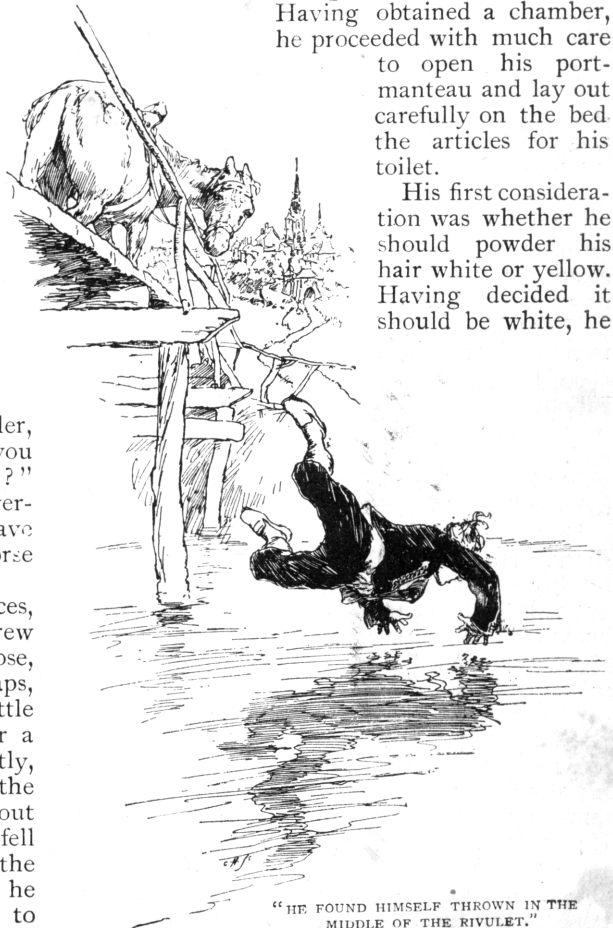
this manner he made his entry into Lavaur, amid the loud laughter of the people who were sitting at their doors.

"Laugh! laugh! you great stupid," murmured Michael; "is it very marvellous that a man should carry his saddle when it will not carry him?"

At length he reached the inn, where he alighted, and asked for a room in which to change his travelling clothes. Having obtained a chamber, he proceeded with much care

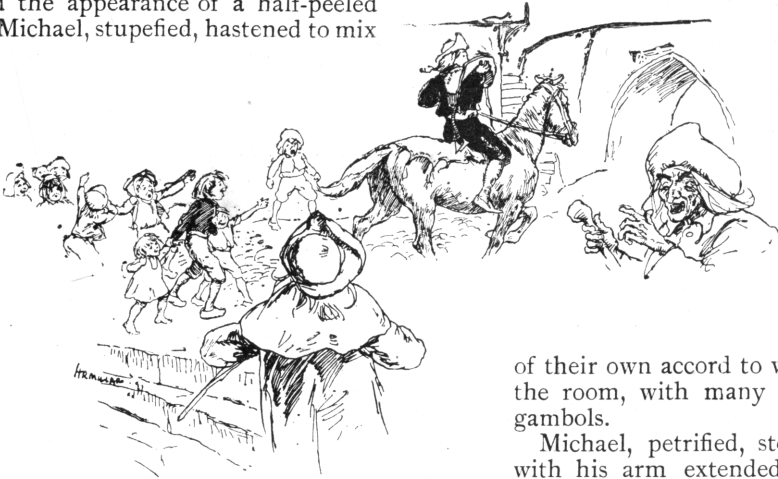
to open his portmanteau and lay out carefully on the bed the articles for his toilet.

His first consideration was whether he should powder his hair white or yellow. Having decided it should be white, he



seized the swansdown powder-puff, and commenced the operation on the right side. But at the moment when he had finished that side, he saw that an invisible hand had powdered the other side yellow, so that his head had the appearance of a half-peeled lemon. Michael, stupefied, hastened to mix

Furious, he finished by putting on his travelling boots, and was about to take his velvet breeches, when immediately he approached the bed, lo! the breeches began



"LAUGH, LAUGH, YOU GREAT STUPIDS!"

the powder with the comb, and finding himself too pressed for time to seek to think out the reason of the mischance (he was always a slow thinker), stretched out his hand towards the reel on which the satin for his *queue* was wound. The reel escaped from his fingers and fell to the ground.

Michael went to pick it up, but it seemed to roll before him. Twenty times he was about to seize it, and twenty times his impatient hands missed it. One would have said he looked like a kitten playing with a reel. At length, seeing that time was going, he lost patience and resigned himself to wear his old ribbon.

He now hastened to put on his morocco shoes. He buckled the right, then having finished the left, he stooped to admire them, but as he did so the right buckle fell to the ground. He replaced it, but no sooner had he done so than the left followed suit. He had hardly put that right before the other one claimed his attention again in the same manner as before. He proceeded thus for some time, without being able to get both buckles fastened together.



of their own accord to walk about the room, with many provoking gambols.

Michael, petrified, stood mute, with his arm extended, contemplating with a frightened air this incongruous dance. But you may guess how he looked when he saw the vest, coat, and hat join the breeches at their respective places, and form a sort of counterfeit of himself, which commenced to walk about and parody his attitudes.



"IT SEEMED TO ROLL BEFORE HIM."

Pale with fear, he drew back to the window, but at this moment the Michael-esque figure turned towards him, and he saw under the cocked hat the grimacing face of Drak, the fairy.

Michael uttered a cry.

"It is you, you villain, is it? I'll make you repent of your insolence if you don't instantly give me back my clothes."

after a peregrination of an hour or two across this Pyrenees of the cats and swallows, Drak gained a high chimney, at the foot of which his pursuer was forced to stop.

Drak, leaning over towards Michael, who was out of breath and discouraged, said:

"You see, my good friend, you have forced me to spoil your ball-dress, but, happily, I see underneath me the copper of



"PALE WITH FEAR, HE DREW BACK."

So saying, he rushed to take them, but the fairy, turning sharply round, ran to the other side of the room. Michael was beside himself with anger and impatience, and rushed again towards the fairy, who this time passed between his legs and rushed out on to the staircase. Michael pursued him angrily up four flights of stairs till they arrived at the garret, where the fairy dodged him round and round, and then skipped out of the window. Michael, exasperated, took the same route. The malicious fairy led him from roof to roof, dragging the velvet breeches, the vest and coat in all the gutters, to Michael's despair. At length,

a laundress, where everything can be put right for you."

With these words Drak shook the velvet breeches over the chimney-pot.

"What are you doing, rascal?" cried Michael.

"I am sending your dress to the wash!" said the fairy.

And so saying, the vest, coat, and hat followed the breeches into the smoking gulf.

The young gallant sat down upon the roof with a cry of despair. But rising immediately said, with resolution:—

"Well, I'll go to the ball in my travelling dress."

"Hark!" interrupted the fairy.

The sound of a bell rang out from a neighbouring steeple. Midnight struck! Michael counted the twelve strokes, and could not restrain a cry. It was the hour designated by the parents when they would proclaim to the suitors who had presented themselves at the ball their daughter's choice for a husband. He wrung his hands in despair.

"Unhappy man that I am!" he cried.

"When I arrive all will be over; she and her parents will laugh at me."

"And that would be justice, my big man!" replied Drak, with a pointed sneer. "For you have said yourself, *For those who arrive late there remains nothing but regret.* This will serve you, I hope, as a lesson, and prevent you another time from laughing at the feeble, for from henceforth you will know that *The smallest are big enough to avenge themselves.*"



The Queer Side of Things.



BY J. F. SULLIVAN.

surrounded by Violence and Demonstrativeness, of which he still quietly endures the attacks, is of all Spectacles at once the noblest and the most encouraging to Persons of Virtue.

My old and esteemed Friend Sir Ogge de Covetous (of whom I lately had Occasion to speak) affords a noble Example of such a Case; and, indeed, inasmuch as all Men around him appear to hold him in most huge Disfavour, I take it they must need be of an exceeding evil Disposition, and, by consequence, he himself may with great Justice be accounted a Martyr.

One Day lately, when he had bidden me pass away a few Days in a Visit to his Country Mansion, I took the Occasion to compliment him upon the extensive and pleasing Prospect before his Windows; whereupon I could not but observe with some Anxiety an Expression of Regret that passed upon his Countenance.

"I will not conceal from you," said he, "that there is for me in this Prospect no little Cause of Sorrow and Chagrin, seeing that, by Reason of its being Visible from my Windows, it ought naturally to belong to me; for I hold that, as a freehold Estate reaches by Law to the Centre of the Earth, so in like Manner it ought to extend in all directions over that Hemisphere, or Half of the Earth, of which it is the Central Point."

IHAVE long been of a settled Conviction that an unfeigned and Sincere Abhorrence of Violence is among the most admirable Ornaments of a worthy Man; and even that it constitutes in itself so notable a Claim upon our Respect and Esteem as to pass for a Proof of Worth. The Spectacle of a peaceful and moderate Man

Upon my bringing to his Notice that this System would permit the whole Earth to accommodate but two Landed Proprietors, "Zounds!" quoth the good Knight, "and



"A TITLE."

a most just and equitable Arrangement surely, save that the other Proprietor might not be found so worthy as myself to own so large a Parcel of Land. And herein," said he, reflectively, "I confess to you that I perceive a possible Difficulty.

"Yonder Field," continued my friend, "is held by a pestilent Baggage of a Fellow who must forsooth refuse to yield it up to me (and that in despite of it bordering upon a Field of mine) for the pitiful Excuse that he hath a Title to it which is hardly to be upset; and this for all I have repeatedly striven to drive him away by this and that under-hand Means."

At this sorrowful Recollection my old Friend let fall so bitter a Tear that I was myself hardly put to it but I should weep in Concert; but at this Moment Sir Ogre continued:—

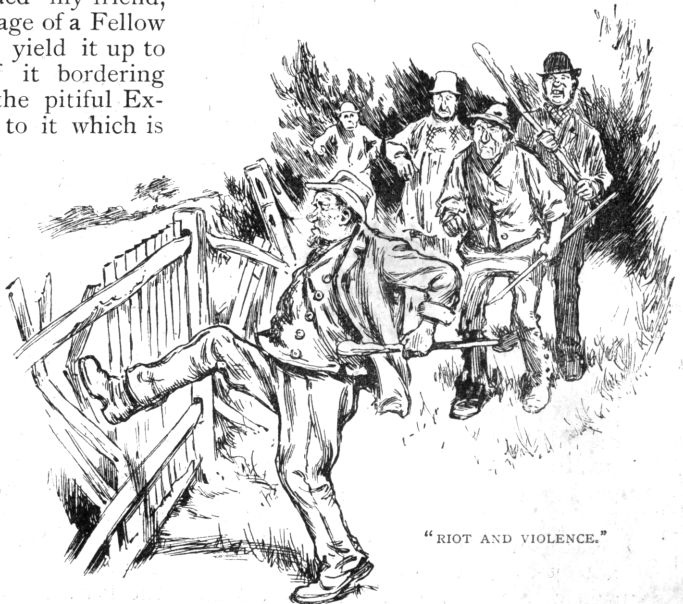
"But you must know that I am the most grievously put about by a set of knavish low Fellows that are called 'Com-

moners' and 'The Public,' that will ever be trying to hinder me appropriating such Parcels of unenclosed Land as I may have a Fancy for; and this under the lame Pretext that these Parcels are theirs by Law!

"As if, forsooth, the Law had been designed to protect the rights of Fellows that have no Money to spend on Lawsuits!" And at this the worthy Knight was moved to so severe a Taking-on that I feared he was like to be seized with an Apoplexy: but he presently continued:—

"I am myself a Man of a most Peaceable Disposition (having indeed been selected as a Justice of the Peace on that account), and have no Desire but to live quietly in Harmony with my Neighbours, appropriating such of their Land as I may desire, from Time to Time, to possess myself of; yet—so pestilent a Perverseness is there in the Nature of others—my Neighbours will in no Wise be favouring this Plan; but must be for ever striving to resist me, and that with open Violence and Destruction! As it is my earnest Desire to compass the Enclosure of their Lands after a quiet Fashion, to the avoiding of all unseemly Riot and Violence, so they of their part may by no means be persuaded to a like Temperateness of Demeanour, but will be destroying the Fences I have put up; and this with a most unseemly noise of Breaking of Timber, which is to me of all Noises the most abhorrent."

At this Discourse of the good old Man I



"RIOT AND VIOLENCE."

fell into a profound, curious Speculation upon the Difference between him that constructs, and him that destroys; and very hugely to the Disadvantage of this Latter; seeing that Construction (that is, the Devoting of our human Skill to the Formation of useful Products from those Materials with which the Beneficence of Nature has provided us), is at all Times a laudable Work; while the Undoing of these Products

lately added to his Property; and I was filled with Admiration at the Ingenuity with which his Operations were carried on. "For," said he, with that humorous Twinkle in his Eye which is the Sign or Patent of a good Man in those Moments when he feels that he has done his Duty to himself, "you must know that I will often be sending one of my Fellows on an obscure Night to fix a low Wire along the Ground where I propose to afterward erect a Fence; and this for the Reason, that I hold it wiser to carry on the Work which I have set myself with as little Fuss and Ostentation as may be possible; being unwilling to provoke in the Commoners that deplorable Resentment and Anger which the Sight of my Operations in actual Progress would be calling forth."

I here fell into a profound and improving Speculation upon the evident Worth of a Man who displays so delicate a Consideration for others, that he is of a Mind to avoid the setting before them any Temptation to an Outbreak of those violent Passions which must always be so harmful to Themselves. I was awakened from this Reverie by falling suddenly into a deep Ditch full of Mire, by reason of having tripped over one of Sir Ogre's Wires; the good old Man being at this so mightily diverted that he was fain to leave me with



"SIR OGRE'S ANCESTOR."

is but a deplorable Retrogression toward Savagery. Thus I hold that he who constructs is ever more worthy than is he who destroys; and by Consequence the Encloser (or Constructor of Fences), than the rightful Owner (or Destroyer of Fences).

Sir Ogre himself has frequently shown me in the Parish Church a stained Window that is believed to represent an Ancestor of his in the Act of slaying a Fence Destroyer; which seems to put me in the Right.

I was aroused from this Speculation by Sir Ogre's inviting me to take a Walk with him upon the Pieces of Land which he had



"ONE OF SIR OGRE'S WIRES."

but my Heels sticking up out of the Mud for some ten Minutes while he enjoyed his Laugh.

My Attention was now called to a Company of rough Fellows that had fallen to upon a new Fence near at Hand which my old Friend had lately put up ; whereat Sir Ogre very properly requested a Constable that was passing to take his Note-book and jot



"SIR OGRE REQUESTED A CONSTABLE TO TAKE HIS NOTE-BOOK."

down upon it the Names of these Fellows ; and, upon my inquiring of the Course which he purposed to take in regard to them, he addressed to me the following Words :—

"It's my Purpose to carry these pestilent Knaves and most impudent Ruffians before the Bench of Justices at Brentford : for you must know that these Fellows are within their legal Rights in what they now do : but these good Justices of Brentford have so nice and subtile a Sense of Logic, that they will, for all they must needs acquit the Defendants of all Offence, yet put upon them a fine for the Offence which they have not committed ; by which means these Brentford Justices have acquired a very favourable high Reputation among all Men of Sense."

At this I fell into a most deep pleasing Speculation upon the Wisdom of these Brentford Justices, who indeed—however it may seem to the ignorant and thoughtless—carry out the very Spirit of our Laws : for the Purpose of all our Laws is that Men shall put an Action the one on the other,

and pay the Costs of it ; he that shall be able to pay more Costs than his Fellows being adjudged in the Right : wherefore it is reasonable and fitting that One who hath broken a Fence, and is adjudged in the Right in so doing, shall pay for it by way of a Testimony or Sign that he *is* in the Right. For as a Man cannot be adjudged in the Right except he pay ; so he that pays not must surely be in the Wrong ; which no Man would desire to be.

We now began to come at every Turn upon this or that Company of lewd Fellows that would be engaged either in tearing up a Wire that Sir Ogre had planted ; or in breaking down a Fence ; or in pulling down some Notice-Board of his that warned all and sundry from passing by that Way, or advertised a Piece of Land to be let on building Leases : and all this at Times with no little Stir and Clamour and cracking of Woodwork. Nay, I marked a certain Group that had made a Bonfire of some Notice-Boards ; and these Fellows had the Effrontery to invite the good Knight to warm himself by it, with unfitting Sarcasm : all of which I could perceive caused



"A BONFIRE OF NOTICE-BOARDS."

my old Friend no slight Dudgeon. "But it will go hard," said he, "but they shall smart for it properly!"

I could not but admire the Industry of this worthy Man, that had gotten together so large an Estate at so small Outlay; for Sir Ogre assured me that he had inherited from his Father but a Field of ten Acres in those Parts, having acquired the other ten thousand Acres by a sedulous and unflagging Pursuit of the Plan I have described, without so much as purchasing a Foot of it.

I was much interested in watching the Result of a Charge that had been preferred against a certain Fellow that was notorious in the Neighbourhood for unseemly Resistance at Law against those that possessed more Money than himself, and so were in the Right.

It seemed that this Fellow had taken a Rabbit upon a Piece of public Land but lately enclosed by Sir Ogre. On this Fellow being brought up before Sir Ogre and charged with this Offence, I was taken with a great Admiration for my Friend's Freedom from Bias, and great Desire to do Justice; for he would by no Means hear a Word of what the Defendant had to say, fearing that in the Flurry of the Position he might haply incriminate himself still more deeply, but dealt with the Case summarily, pass-

ing upon the Fellow no harder Sentence than one Year with hard Labour; which, I take it, was but a slight Punishment to undergo, for a low Fellow that had no means.

That Night there was a great To-Do in the Village hard by; for there was to be a Burning of an Image or *Effigies* of the good Knight, upon the Pretext that he had put up a Barrier upon a Path that had been a public Way for Centuries; whereupon Sir Ogre lost no time in having the

Fellows locked up for Causing an Obstruction: "For," says he, "the Roads and Ways are intended for the Public to pass along them; and this proper Use of them is not to be hindered by this or that Rascal that hath a mind to turn them to his own Devices."

Such is ever the Modesty of Sir Ogre, that he is by no Means of a Mind to make a

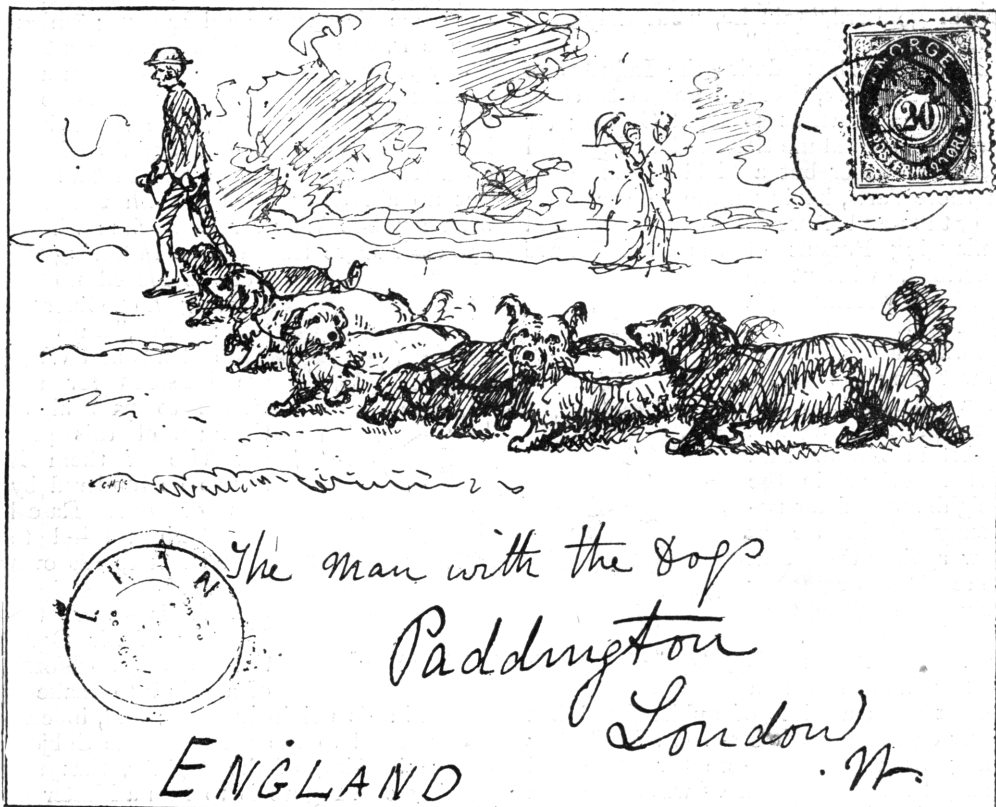
Figure in his neighbourhood; and, indeed, he protested to me when on the Subject of the burning of the *Effigies*, that the making of a Figure is to him a Matter of Abhorrence.

I am now content to leave the Reputation of the good old Knight in the hands of the Public; being of a most certain Conviction that, whatever the Voice of Slander may be inclined to speak of it, it can in no way suffer Deterioration.



"THIS FELLOW HAD TAKEN A RABBIT."





"THE MAN WITH THE DOGS."

THE articles entitled "Humours of the Post Office," which appeared in our numbers for last May and June, went far to prove that the ingenuity and resource of our Post Office authorities are matter for national pride and gratification. But the instance which we are now in a position to present, and which is, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all, was not then in our hands.

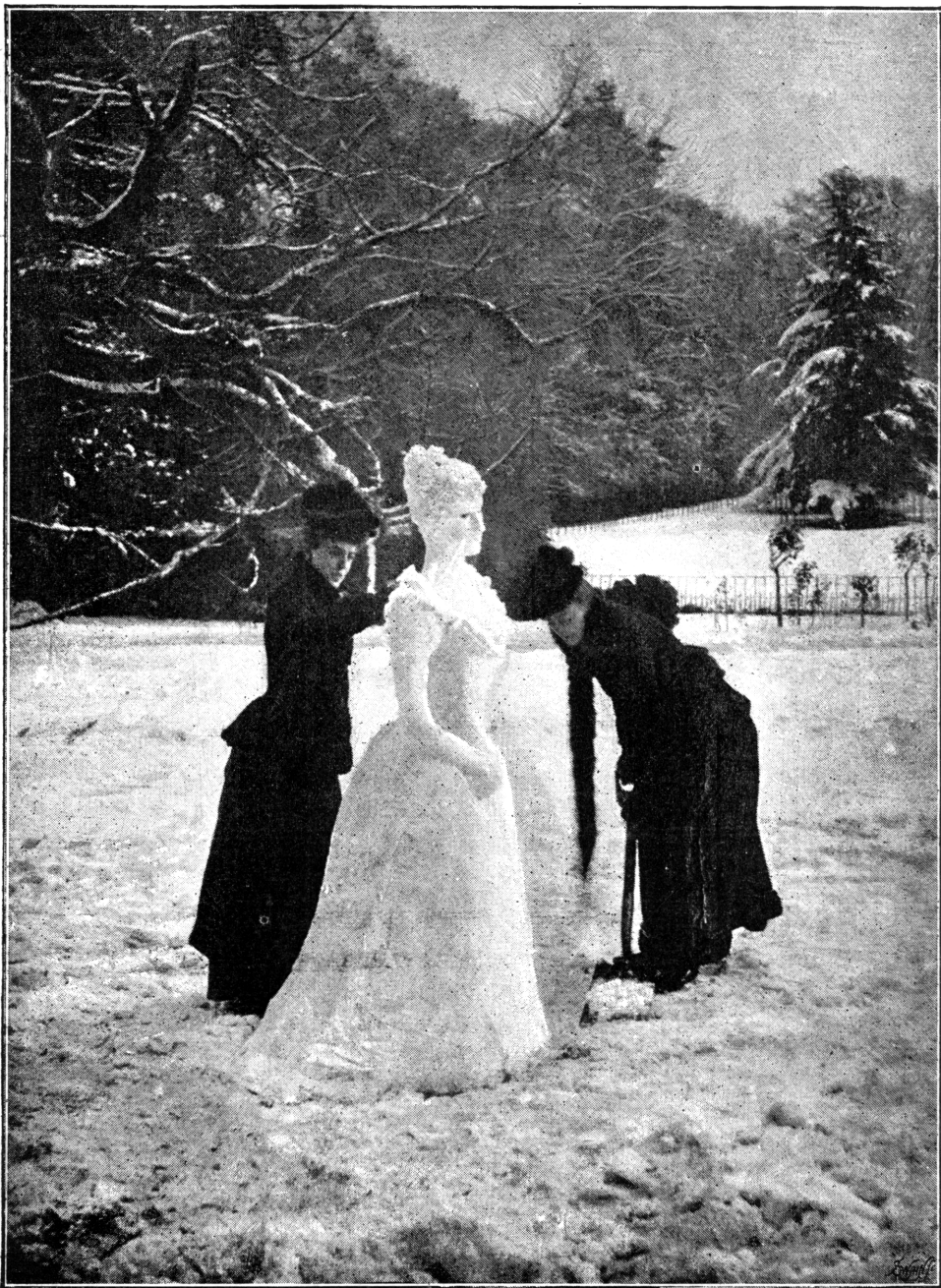
A Norwegian artist, during his stay in London, was one morning passing through Hyde Park, when his attention was attracted by a spectacle with which many Londoners are perfectly familiar—Mr. J. Pratt, the well-known dog-fancier, taking his string of Skye terriers abroad for air and exercise. The artist, after his return to Norway, called the scene to mind, and was anxious to acquire a specimen of the breed. He knew neither the owner's name or address,

but, with an implicit trust in the ingenuity of the Post Office, which the result thoroughly justified, he took up his pen and despatched a letter in an envelope, of which the above is a reproduction in fac-simile. The letter was delivered in due course to Mr. J. Pratt, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park. The contents of the letter were as follows:—

"Norway, Aug. 25, 1885.

"SIR,—When in London a short time ago I saw a very fine team of Skye terriers in Hyde Park. I inquired of a policeman if he knew the owner. He said the owner lived near Paddington Station, and so I send this to that district. Should this find you, will you please inform me if such dogs can be purchased, and where? Please communicate to me here at once, and I will call on you on my return to London shortly.

"I am, yours truly,
 "ALFRED STENTHULZ."



"A SNOW LADY."

The accompanying picture shows what can be done with snow, by those who care to exercise their powers of modelling, and produce something more natural in appearance than the familiar old "Snow Man," built up after the figure of a Lowther Arcade Noah. During a lull in the severe frosts of last winter, two ladies (amateurs, who had never had a lesson in modelling), with the assistance of only a shovel and pair of scissors, erected and modelled the "Snow Lady" in a garden near Pangbourne. No foundation of any kind was used, and no sticks or wires were concealed under the figure for the purpose of supporting head, body, or arms. An enlargement of the original photograph was shown at the Photographic Exhibition during last autumn, and gave rise to many remarks, sage and otherwise. A large number of those who looked at it pronounced it as "No doubt very cleverly got up—but all humbug!" "Real snow? Not a bit of it! Quite impossible!"





SOME PUGGIE EXPRESSIONS



INTERESTED
IN OUR MENU



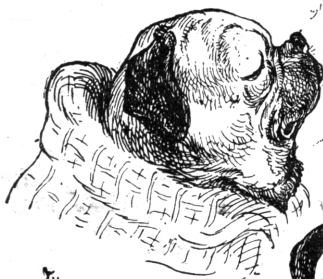
UNDER TREATMENT



OBJECTS TO
THE CAT.



IS OBJECTED TO
BY THE CAT.



THE CARRIAGE WAITS.



GOOD OLD DOGGIE!



BAD DOG !!



OLD AND INFIRM

"PUG."



A SNAKE STORY.



ENTERPRISING YOUNG GLAZIER DISTRIBUTES A FEW BALLS.



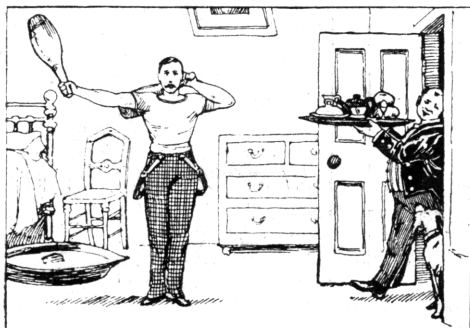
GOOD BUSINESS!



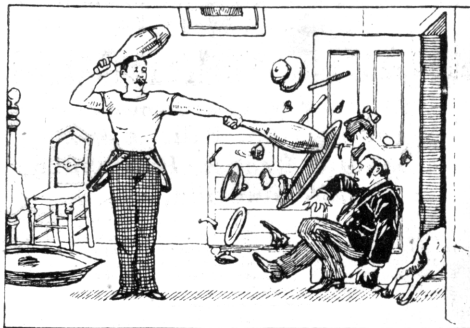
GRANDPAPA: "SNOW ON THE GROUND AND THE THERMOMETER AT 80°! BLESS ME! I MUST WRITE TO 'THE TIMES'."



LANDLADY: "IT'S ONLY THE WINDER A BIT LOOSE, SIR. I'LL SOON FISH YER THINGS OUT OF THE SNOW."



(1) GETTING UP AN APPETITE.



(2) LOSING A BREAKFAST.